THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series | Volume LXI. | No. 3617 November 1, 1913 | From Beginning | Vol. CCLXXIX

CONTENTS

I.	**Blundering Social Reform.** *By Sir Guilford L. Molesworth.*	Nineteenth Century and After	259
II.	**The Boys of Dickens.** *By Rowland Grey.*	Fortnightly Review	271
III.	**The Strength of the Hills.** Chapter VIII. The Debt of Honor. *By Halliwell Sutcliffe.* (To be continued.)	Times	284
IV.	**Stamp-Collecting in the British Royal Family.** *By D. B. Armstrong.*	Chambers's Journal	296
V.	**The Passing of the Indo-Chinese Opium Trade.** *By Saint Nihal Singh.*	Hindustan Review	302
VI.	**The Open Door.** *By E. L. White.*	Cornhill Magazine	306
VII.	**The Life-History of a Nobody.**	Punch	313

A PAGE OF VERSE

VIII.	**George Meredith.** *By H. Newman Howard.*	Athenaeum	258
IX.	**The Starry Night.** *By W. M. Letts.*	Westminster Gazette	258
X.	**To His Lost Beloved.** *By W. J. Cameron.*	Spectator	258
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		315

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 Beacon Street, Boston.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For Six Dollars, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, The Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of The Living Age Co.

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GEORGE MEREDITH.

Woven of sunlight was his deep romance,
And waves, and woodland green and flashing dew;
A labyrinth there, man's soul, and his the clue;
And laughing elves, who twitch to a 'vitus dance
The cockerel strut of cant and arrogance;
And, fresh as tossing boughs across the blue,
Fair through all flaws, strong women, staunch and true,
Sweet essence wrung from poignant circumstance.

For, seer and singer, long he dwelt apart,
Nourished in secret Nature's close embrace,
Taught in her lap to know the Father's heart,
To glean a light from Fate's averted face,
And chime with crashing chords of godlike art
Triumphant fugues athwart life's tragic bass.

H. Newman Howard.

The Athenæum.

THE STARRY NIGHT.

I mind myself a little child,
Maybe that ragweed's height,
When first I lifted up my eyes
And saw the stars at night.
I saw them caught among the leaves
Like fishes in a net;
The wonder of the child I was
Comes back upon me yet.
Old Shan he took me by the hand
And pointed overhead,
Where every great big star I saw
Blazed green and blue and red.
Above the haggard the Great Bear
Went prowling through the sky.
I saw the Pole Star flash its lamp
For ships to journey by.
Shan pointed where the lady sits
Inside her shining chair,
And told me thim that travels takes
The Milky Way up there.
Above the mountains Venus hung,
Above the sea blazed Mars.
Ah! God—the wonder of that night
When first I saw the stars!

W. M. Letts.

The Westminster Gazette.

TO HIS LOST BELOVED.

Oh, little thing, oh, wondrous thing,
Why did you slip so soft away?
Love touched us with his angel wing
Once upon a day.

Love touched us and we were content
To travel this great world and wide,
Nought caring how the hours were spent
So we were side by side.

We had enough of toil, we two.
I worked to fill the cupboard shelf;
The hardest lot was left for you,
To save the pence and spend yourself.

Diverse the laws of man and maid.
He, suing humbly, taketh all;
She giveth gladly, unafraid,
Until her strength is past recall.

Love spread his dove-gray wings of peace.
Love, furl thy rose-lined wings of pain!
Great angel, Love, my anguish ease;
Give me my little love again.

So human was she and so kind,
So mother-like, so childlike too,
I would not blot her from my mind
As fools—or wise men—do.

I cannot blot her from my mind;
I think of her by night and day,
Yet she hath left a toy behind
With which she used to play.

She held it close with arms of love;
It lay so softly at her breast,
Till Fate the eagle from above
Swooped down upon the nest.

Oh, little love, one hapless morn
Silent and swift you slipped away.
Now I am left, a thing forlorn,
To face a world gone gray.

W. J. Cameron.

The Spectator.

BLUNDERING SOCIAL REFORM.

There are two consequences in history: an immediate one, which is at once recognized; and one in the distance, which is not at first perceived. These consequences often contradict each other; the former are the results of our own limited wisdom; the latter those of the wisdom that endures.—Chateaubriand, *Memoirs.*

Between a good and a bad economist, this constitutes the whole difference: the one takes account of the *visible* effects; the other takes account of both the effects that are *seen*, and also of those which it is necessary to *foresee*. Hence it follows that the bad economist pursues a small present good, which will be followed by a great evil to come, while the true economist pursues a great good to come, at the risk of a small present evil.—F. Bastiat, *Essays on Political Economy.*

Nine legislators out of ten, and ninety-nine voters out of a hundred, when discussing this or that measure, think only of the immediate results to be achieved; they do not think at all of the indirect results.—Herbert Spencer, *Principles of Ethics.*

That which philanthropists and political reformers leave almost unthought of, as an object to be labored for, is that which, above all other objects, is worthy of their labor. Attracted as their attention is by special evils to be cured, they think little of the universally diffused evils which the non-enforcement of equity entails. —Herbert Spencer, *Study of Sociology.*

If social reformers had taken to heart the principles enunciated in the foregoing quotations, many of the deplorable social conditions which now prevail might have been avoided. Ignorance, failure to foresee indirect results, or neglect of the study of sociology, have been the shoals on which social reformers have struck; and, with the best of intentions, they have often caused, or intensified, the evils they have sought to remedy.[1]

Herbert Spencer has rightly said:

For a large percentage of horrors, which our agitators are trying to cure by law, we have to thank previous agitators of the same school.[2]

Again referring to the stock cry of Socialists against the evils of competition, he says:

Interferences with the law of supply and demand, which a generation ago were admitted to be habitually mischievous, are now being daily made by Acts of Parliament in new fields, increasing the evils to be cured, and producing fresh ones, as they did in fields no longer intruded upon.[3]

He has also pointed out that, during the reign of Queen Victoria, 650 Acts of Parliament had been repealed, and

[1] The following extract from the "San Francisco Argonaut" shows how the failure to foresee indirect results in the case of "the minimum wage" has been a cause of unemployment: "Before passing a Wage Bill for Girls it would be well to mark, learn, and inwardly digest a news item from Oregon. A report comes from the Young Women's Christian Association and from the Catholic Women's League that the new law will throw hundreds of girls out of work in Portland alone, and that strenuous efforts will be needed to avert distress. Employers who are now giving work to large numbers of incompetent girls at commensurate wages will discharge them, and replace them by others who are actually worth the minimum wage. The unfortunate ones are now facing a 'dire situation.' Many of them are without homes, and are entirely dependent on the meagre wages that a benevolent but empty-headed legislature has taken from them."

The "Boston Advertiser," in a similar strain, writes: "To say that the State shall pay a certain minimum wage would be to deprive many persons of work and of a needed income, small as it may be. It would be in many cases, of which sociological workers know, an act of almost incredible cruelty on the State's part. It would be a procrustean attempt to fit the hard, incontestable facts of the lives of some low-wage-earners to the pompous theories of ignorant persons who imagine themselves called to be reformers." In like manner the Insurance Act in England has deprived large numbers of employment.

[2] "Social Statics," p. 384.

[3] Spencer, "Sins of Legislators."

that many of these, having proved injurious, must have for years inflicted on people much misery, sickness, and increased mortality; and he added:

Uninstructed legislators have, in past times, continually increased human suffering in their endeavors to mitigate it.[4]

Since Spencer drew attention to this evil, it has very greatly increased. During the past few years numbers of ill-considered, mischievous Acts, directed against capital, have been rushed through Parliament with frantic haste, and almost without discussion, increasing the prevalence of pauperism and unemployment to an extent that urgently demands social reform.

It is obviously the duty of all Christians to use their utmost endeavor to improve these deplorable conditions, and various leagues and unions have been formed with that object. The legitimate aims of the Christian social reformer have been admirably set forth by Bishop Westcott, in his presidential address to the Christian Social Union in 1894. They are, briefly:

To bring together the different classes, with a view to strengthen the sense of fellowship by mutual understanding; to enforce the weight of mutual responsibility of employers and employed, of buyer and seller, of landlord and tenant; to insist on the reality of social conditions, as brethren in one Lord; to cherish and deepen the sacred relations of the family, in which all relations of social life find their root.

In short, the aim should be to bring into our daily life the application of our duty to God and our neighbor, as taught in the Church Catechism.

To carry out this programme, it is necessary to try to reconcile the interests of labor and capital; to show that their interests are inseparable; to enforce the need of co-operation, and the cessation of those internecine wars between capital and labor which have proved ruinous to both; and to endeavor to relieve that excessive taxation which has been imposed by Socialistic legislation on land and capital, bringing ruin on all classes of the community.

Unfortunately, a large number of social reformers labor under the delusion that the social evils in question are due to, and inherent in, the system of private property in land and capital; that Christianity has been tried and found wanting; and that the only remedy lies in Socialism. They therefore pose as "*Christian*" Socialists.

Now Socialism is absolutely opposed to the aims of the Christian social reformer, as defined above, inasmuch as it violates every principle of that aim: it sets class against class, employed against employer, tenant against landlord, laborer against capitalist, poor against rich. It transgresses almost every principle contained in our duty to God and our neighbor, advocating class-hatred, envy, and malice, and even instils such poison into the minds of the rising generation by the Socialist Catechism and other Socialist literature for children.

This so-called "*Christian*" Socialism, which exists only in the brains of well-meaning but deluded enthusiasts, is doing infinite harm to the cause of religion and morality, and injury to the poor, by encouraging the growth of Socialism, and confusing with Christianity an absolutely anti-Christian movement.

It is greatly to be regretted that a number of the clergy, and even some bishops, with the very best intentions, and with the praiseworthy object of remedying the deplorable social evils which exist, have fallen under this delusion. Such persons incur a very serious moral responsibility, as blind

[4] Spencer, ibid.

leaders of the blind into the loathsome ditch of Socialism, involving ruin to the country, danger to religion, and probably a recurrence of scenes of horror and bloodshed similar to those which disgraced France during the French Revolution, and under the Socialist and Communist Governments of 1848 and 1871.

The so-called "*Christian*" Socialism misleads the ignorant masses, and encourages them to support that real, *practical* Socialism which the masses will insist upon having should Socialism unfortunately gain the upper hand in England: a Socialism which preaches doctrines of atheism, class-hatred, spoliation, violence, and immorality;[5] a Socialism that spouts blatant blasphemy at the street corners and in the parks; and a Socialism that urges measures which cause ruin to the country, and misery to the poor.

Socialists of the present day have disguised the ugly features and failures of Socialism of the past by dressing it up in the pretentious garb of "*scientific*" Socialism, thus deluding the public that it is something quite new and superior. This claim is based on the acceptance of that incomprehensible and self-contradictory jargon, Marx's *Capital*, which is in reality absolutely unscientific; its very foundation-stone rests on the exploded "Ricardian" economic fallacy that labor alone produces wealth, or that all value is the product of labor.

Professor Macleod, in his *History of Economics*, has completely demolished this fallacy, demonstrating its utter absurdity, and showing that those who held it have contradicted themselves in admitting that *demand* is the cause of value. After showing from indisputable inferences that labor is not, in any way whatever, the form or cause of value, he adds:

> By the laws of inductive philosophy, if we find a single case of value which is not the result of labor, that single instance would alone be sufficient to overthrow the doctrine that labor is the sole cause of value; but, instead of one instance there are multitudes; it is probable that not 20 per cent. of valuable quantities have anything to do with labor. In short, there never was any doctrine in science which has received such a crushing and overwhelming overthrow as that labor is the cause of value; hence that system of economics, which founds its ideas of wealth and value on labor, is utterly fallacious.[6]

Of the numerous cases which Macleod has cited to prove the absurdity of this doctrine, it will only be necessary to quote one as a specimen, which even a child might understand:

> If labor be the sole cause of value, then all things produced by equal quantities of labor must be of equal value . . . a lump of gold and a lump of clay ought to be of equal value, if produced by equal amounts of labor.

Similar cases, in every description of wealth or value, might be multiplied to any extent.

Marx himself admits that the whole subject is enveloped in mist; and as Mr. de Tunzelmann has justly observed, with regard to Marx's very candid admissions of the impenetrable density of the mental fog in which he has become involved:

> He appears, however, to be totally unconscious that the fog is entirely of his own manufacture, obvious as this must be to every unpreju-

[5] Overwhelming evidence that such doctrines are the logical outcome of Socialism has been published in a pamphlet entitled "The Danger of Christian Socialism" (Anti-Socialist Union of Great Brit n, 55 Victoria Street, S. W.). This evidence has been obtained not merely from the utterances of a few rabid extremists but from the deliberate writings and speeches of the acknowledged leaders, and from the recognized organs of Socialism.

[6] Macleod, "History of Economics," p. 646.

diced reader of ordinary intelligence.'

The average social reformer seldom takes cognizance of anything but the immediate results. He extends no consideration to the difficulties with which the employer or landowner has to contend; he overlooks the fact that wages, though they may be locally or temporarily affected by employers or trade-unionists, must ultimately be fixed by the laws of demand and supply. He is apt to confuse the employers of labor with rich idlers, American millionaires, financiers, speculators, foreign traders, and others who do not employ labor, who have mostly gained their wealth from foreign countries, and who represent almost entirely the *extreme* wealth in the country. He appears to be ignorant of the fact that the employer of labor is, as a rule, not rich; that for past years he has been working at a loss or with a minimum margin of profit, often struggling hard to avoid bankruptcy, crushed out by that intolerable and ever-increasing taxation that has been imposed by Socialistic legislation, and struggling in competition with foreign produce which, admitted duty-free, evades this heavy burden. No consideration is given to the employer, hampered and restricted in his trade by the exactions of trade-unionism; no sympathy is extended to the wrongs of non-unionist workers who, although five times as numerous as trade-unionists, are deprived of their right to work by the organized trade-unionist minority. No sympathy is accorded to the middle classes—the small tradesmen and shopkeepers—who have been ruined by those extravagant rates which Socialist legislation and Socialist strikes have imposed upon them. Too often the social reformer assumes that the employer must be in the wrong. For example, the Dean of Wells in 1889, an active partisan on behalf of the strikers, afterwards wrote:

It was natural to most of us to sympathize with Lazarus rather than with Dives; very few, I imagine, were in a position to judge how far the problem admitted of the solution which the laborers demanded.

It is difficult to speak in moderation on the gross injustice of such ignorant partisanship, or the folly of interference between employers and employed without full knowledge of the facts. Is it fair or honest to assume that the employer must be in the wrong? Is it wise to interfere in ignorance whether the workers may not be injured rather than helped by such interference? Some idea of the difficulties that have beset the employers of labor may be inferred from the words of Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., in 1889:

The last fifteen years have been the gloomiest of the whole commercial history of the country; wages have constantly been forced down, and the relations between employers and employed strained to the utmost . . . . With all the toil and anxiety of those who had conducted it, the cotton industry of Lancashire, which gave maintenance to two or three millions of people, had not earned so much as five per cent. during the past ten years; the employers had the most anxious life, and many, after struggling for years, had become bankrupt, and some had died of a broken heart.

He added that he believed that nearly all the leading trades were in the same condition. The *Iron and Coal Review*, in 1888, stated that

The collieries were only kept going at heavy loss, and some of the coal-owners were ruined. To enable the South Wales collieries to be kept partially going the men had *lent*, as it is called, a shilling in the pound.

The evidence given before the Royal Commission of 1886 on the depression of trade and industry showed that the

' "The Superstition called Socialism" (Allen and Co.).

depression had been very general, that there had been

a great restriction and even total absence of profit, and, though the scale of wages had not materially altered, the average remuneration to the workers had decreased in consequence of partial or intermittent work. . . . There had been an accumulation of *passive* or unproductive capital, while the active capital of the employer had oozed away. . . . The nominal capital of the country had apparently increased, but the increase had been chiefly in the prosperity of owners of foreign investments or importers of foreign produce or those who had made fortunes in foreign countries.

This accounts in a great measure for the extreme contrasts between rich and poor.

Sir Benjamin Browne has pointed out how little employers have to give. He writes:

When I came to Newcastle as an employer, I had occasion to meet all the engineering employers in Newcastle and Gateshead about matters that concerned us all. I have kept an account of all the businesses that were represented, and I find that two-thirds of them have perished disastrously. Thinking that Newcastle might be exceptionally unfortunate I tried to examine the case of London, and I should say that was distinctly worse.[8]

"*Christian*" Socialists claim that Socialism will sweep away those unfortunate social inequalities which now exist, and will produce "righteousness, brotherhood, true social equality, human life, and happiness"; but they do not explain how in practice this miracle is to be effected. Even Blatchford, the Socialist editor of the *Clarion*, writes regarding State Socialism:

No one who understands the meaning of the words "*liberty, toleration*, or *equality*" could live under State Socialism. It would be hell.

[8] "Industrial Peace," p. 9 (Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1911).

And Herbert Spencer, the sympathetic defender of the working classes, in his *Coming Slavery*, has declared that "*All Socialism involves slavery.*" No one but an enthusiast could expect any other result from a system that violates all rights of property, deprives men of every inducement to exertion, and involves the absolute negation of individual liberty.

Socialism is neither new nor untried. It has been tried over and over again in its different forms, whether by State agency or private commune, and has always failed disastrously.

Twenty-four centuries ago Æsop, in his fable of *The Belly and the Members*, exposed the folly of antagonism between labor and capital as follows:

The Members [labor], the hands, the legs, arms, etc., being indignant that the Belly [capital] should remain idle whilst absorbing the fruit of their labor, stopped the supplies, with the result that they themselves began to suffer and pine away; and then the fools discovered that the Belly was essential to their very existence, and that, far from being idle, it was working in their interests by digesting the food which they supplied and distributing it to the Members.

The French Revolution was brought on principally by the writings of Voltaire, Diderot, and especially by the *Social Contract* of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. These writings advocated the overthrow of existing social conditions and the abolition of private property as "the origin of all social evil." They contained nearly all the germs of modern Socialism; their watchwords were "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, the Rights of the People, &c." What has been their fruit? The most detestable tyranny and despotism; a reign of terror which has disgraced humanity, in which hundreds of innocent men, women, and children were butchered; a fraternity which ended in the leaders bringing one another to the scaf-

fold until only one of them—Robespierre—remained; and he was guillotined amongst the curses of the populace. The outcome of this movement was absolute despotism under Bonaparte, who plunged all Europe into war and inflicted on France ruin from which she has scarcely now recovered.

The Socialist Government of 1848 ended, after much bloodshed, in a similar way by the despotism of Louis Napoleon, which lasted for twenty-two years, and was only ended by the disastrous defeat of the French at Sedan.

The French Communist Government of 1871 fortunately came to a speedy end after a course of disorder, bloodshed, and wanton destruction of property, culminating in the murder of the Archbishop of Paris and other clergy. It has been described, even by so ardent a revolutionist as Mazzini, in the following terms:

> A people wallowing about as if drunk, raging against itself . . . killing, burning, committing crime, without sense, aim, or hope. . . . . It put one in mind of the most horrid vision of Dante's Hell.

Yet this movement has been applauded by Socialist leaders as "the one event which Socialists throughout the world have agreed, with single accord, to celebrate" (Belfort Bax); "which Socialists all the world over delight to honor" (*The Socialist*, Melbourne); "which will for ever be celebrated as the glorious harbinger of a new society" (Marx).

In France the names of Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Enfantin suggest the series of tragic failures of Socialism. In England Owen's name recalls the brief existence of Harmony Hall and Orbiston, although the Owenite communities were supported by a very capable man of business who contributed 60,000*l.* to them. In America Noyes in his book on American Socialism records the failure of forty-seven Communistic societies, the capital of which was estimated at 2,000,000*l.*, and which owned land to the extent of 150,000 acres.

The latest attempt to establish the Socialist State of "New Australia" in South America is worthy of notice because, although one of the numerous instances of Socialist failure, it is unique in the extraordinarily favorable conditions under which it started —conditions which must have ensured success if success were possible under Socialism. Lane, the founder of this State, was a man of great personality, sterling honesty, and an enthusiastic believer that Socialism would sweep away want, greed, and vice, and establish peace and goodwill on earth. The class enlisted were the pick of Australian labor accustomed to rough-and-tumble work. They had implicit faith in their leader, sold all their possessions, and put the proceeds into the treasury, establishing a society with a capital of 20,000*l.* The Paraguay Government had granted complete autonomy to the concession of a State, between 500 and 600 square miles in extent, of fertile, well-watered land in a good climate, with pasture land capable of supporting 700,000 head of cattle, and forests containing valuable timber; but the venture turned out to be a most disastrous failure; instead of sweeping away poverty, misery, and greed, Socialism in this case produced exactly the contrary effect. It confirmed the view expressed by the Socialist Blatchford that under State Socialism life "*would be hell*," and also the accuracy of Herbert Spencer's verdict "*All Socialism involves slavery*."

A few weeks after the formal inauguration of the State, acrimonious disputes broke out; the State was divided into two hostile factions: those who had the soft jobs, and those who had to do the scavenging or disagreeable work; almost everyone complained

that others were not doing their fair share of work; workers naturally resented being "speeded up" by the foreman, whom they considered their equal; and they retorted that they were not slaves. One colonist wrote "We have surrendered all our civil rights and become mere cogs in the wheel; in fact a man is practically a slave."

In 1894 Mr. Finlay, of the British Legation, reported to the Foreign Office:

The colonists have started with everything in their favor: the land immune from taxation, a good climate, and a certain amount of capital. . . . They came to found Utopia, and before I visited the colony had succeeded in creating (as they said) "*a hell upon earth.*" . . . If they fail it will be owing not to any want of fertility in the land or generosity on the part of the Paraguayan Government.[9]

A year afterwards Mr. Peel reported to the Foreign Office:

They had only been settled three months in Paraguay, and yet in that short space of time dissensions had arisen of a nature so acute as to actually cause eighty-five members to sever their connection altogether with the Colony. . . . They complained that life under such conditions was intolerable, and it was clear that what with the absence of liberty, the isolation of existence, the suspicion with which one party regarded the other, the mutual fear, the boycotting, the constant disputes, and hundreds of other little disagreeable events that went on the whole day long, they were one and all disposed to agree that New Australia was anything but a working-man's paradise. . . . They were so disheartened that they even begged her Majesty's Consul to convey information about their unfortunate condition and disappointed hopes to their friends in Adelaide who were almost immediately to sail in the second batch.[10]

[9] "Foreign Office Report," 1357 of 1894.

[10] "Foreign Office Report," 358 of 1895.

At last, by a vote of the majority, Socialism was abandoned, the constitution was changed, and every man could dispose as he pleased of the produce of his labor. The Paraguayan Government approving of this change rescinded the agreement by which the Socialist State had been created, and entered into a new agreement by which every man could select thirty acres of land of which he would receive the title-deeds when he had built a house and complied with the usual conditions. This gave the colonists an incitement to work, and in an incredibly short space of time comfortable houses, surrounded by gardens, sprang up in substitution for the miserable hovels that previously existed, the grass lands became studded with cattle, and many of those who had previously been Socialists became capitalists, one of them owning 600 head of cattle. With this change moral improvement began, bringing peace and goodwill where discord, greed, and jealousy had previously reigned.

Lane, who had been censured for his despotism and mismanagement, had seceded and formed the new State of Cosme, which collapsed after nine years' downward course of misery and degradation, overburdened with debt, and everything mortgaged; and as in the case of "New Australia," the original grant was rescinded, the land divided up on similar terms, and with the abandonment of Socialism the colonists prospered.[11]

The following analysis of the causes of pauperism proves that Socialism, Socialistic influence, and Socialistic legislation have been the principal causes of those deplorable evils which the social reformer desires to remedy.

[11] Full and graphic details of the failure of the Socialist State of New Australia have been given in "Where Socialism Failed," by Stewart Grahame (Murray, Albemarle Street).

I.—Taxing Capital the Cause of Pauperism.

No truth of political economy is more certain than that heavy taxation of capital which starves industry and employment will fall most heavily upon the poor.—Lecky, *Democracy and Liberty.*[12]

About twenty-five years ago Herbert Spencer, in his article on *Socialism: "The Coming Slavery,"* foretold the poverty and unemployment that now prevail. He pointed out that the enormous and ever-increasing rates and taxes falling upon the employers of labor must necessarily be met from the industries of those employers, and finally by the working classes, either in diminished wages or unemployment. Since that time taxation has increased by leaps and bounds; imperial taxation (excluding customs and excise) has increased by 74,000,000*l.*, and rates in England and Wales by 33,000,000*l.*; in other words imperial taxation is nearly 3¼ and local taxation 2¼ times greater than twenty-five years ago. This quite accounts for the very great increase of pauperism.

II.—Progressivism a Cause of Pauperism.

The closing of the Thames Ironworks which threw 1500 men out of work has been the direct cause of much of the poverty and misery of East London. The reckless and criminal extravagance of Socialist Progressives in Poplar and the neighboring boroughs has raised rates to such an extent as to render shipbuilding on the Thames impossible. One by one the numerous firms of that once prosperous shipbuilding centre have been ruined or have left the district. Only a few years ago Yarrow's great shipbuilding firm was driven from Poplar by the excessive rates, leaving 3000 unemployed in that borough alone. Under "Progressive" influence rates rose to 14*s.* 6*d.* in the pound, and in 1905 6000 persons were receiving outdoor relief; two Socialist Members of Parliament, the chairman and a member of the Board of Guardians, appear to have been responsible for these results; for the report to the Local Government Board on the Poplar Union scandal stated that

> Mr. Crooks and Mr. Lansbury must still be held in no small degree responsible for the effects of a policy which has led to the pauperization of great numbers of the inhabitants of the district, to a subsidizing of women's casual labor, with the inevitable growth of sweating and starvation wages, and to an increase of expenditure which has inflicted much hardship on struggling tradesmen and others. . . . Only ten out of the twenty-four guardians were what is called labor men, but the views of the leaders have dominated the whole board; Mr. Lansbury explains this by saying that he and Mr. Crooks overawed the other guardians.

It is not, however, in East London alone that the Progressives have pauperized the people. Some time ago, in an article published in the *Daily Express*, Mr. Brine showed that the back streets of London are full of bitter poverty and suffering, and he adduced a number of instances in which poor people had been sent to prison, being unable to pay the extravagant rates which Progressive Socialists had imposed upon them. The distress falls most heavily on the poor middle-class small shopkeepers and others.

III.—Hen-roost Robbery a Cause of Pauperism.

In allusion to the avowal by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of his intention to *"rob hen-roosts"*—or in other words, the owners of property—Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., said in Parliament "Take as much as you possibly can from the top, and don't go down

[12] Vol. i. p. 287.

at all until you have robbed all the hen-roosts at the top."

This blind leader of the blind overlooks the fact that the hens that lay the eggs are at the top of the roost, and if they be stolen there would be no eggs at the bottom. Moreover, the hens are scared and are escaping. Owing to the repeated acts of plunder, confidence has been shaken and capital is leaving the country; it is notorious that there has been of late years an enormous transfer of bonds and securities from England to foreign countries; but, on these transactions, the statistics of the Board of Trade throw no light. Sir Joseph Lawrence has computed from the figures of the Inland Revenue Commissioners that the transfer of British capital *in one year alone* amounted to 150,000,000*l.*; and this has been corroborated from other independent sources by Lord Rothschild. Diminution of capital means a decrease in the power of employment.

Industry is limited by capital . . . this implies that industry cannot be employed to any greater extent than there is capital to invest. . . . While on the one hand industry is limited by capital, so, on the other, every increase of capital gives, or is capable of giving, additional employment to industry; and this without assignable limit.[2]

IV.—Socialist Trade-Unions a Cause of Pauperism.

Trade-unions would be very valuable if confined to their legitimate functions of defending the workers from injustice and expending the union funds on unemployment, sick and funeral benefits; but they have become an absolute curse to the British workman. They are aggressive, narrow, selfish in their aims, and partial in their actions; they exercise a tyranny over their members far more despotic and galling than could be possible under any employer.

Trade-unionists are numerically not one sixth of the total labor of the United Kingdom, yet they tyrannize over their fellow-workers, unjustly depriving them of the right to work and refusing to work with them. It is very common now to find notices in workshops: "Non-unionists need not apply."

The iniquitous Trades Disputes Act has enabled trade-unionists with impunity to persecute non-unionists and maltreat them if they insist on their right to work. Formerly the British workman who took a pride in his work was the glory and strength of the nation, but he has now deteriorated and become slipshod under the influence of those trade-unions who would reduce workmen to one dead level of mediocrity, and threaten members with expulsion if they do more than a very scanty day's work. Self-styled labor-leaders advise the workers that it is their interest to "*get as much money and to do as little for it as possible.*" To follow such advice is absolutely suicidal in these days of keen foreign competition, and must result in the supplanting of British industries by the produce of cheap foreign labor.

The system of apprenticeship, discouraged by trade-unions, is fast dying out, and nothing is coming forward to take its place; consequently we are bringing up a large portion of our population without any definite training for future employment, unskilled and useless for industrial purposes, but forming a recruiting ground for those already too large classes of the unemployed, the loafer and the hooligan.

V.—Strikes a Cause of Pauperism.

It often happens that strikes are engineered, not in the interests of the workers, but because trade-unions captured by Socialists endeavor to overthrow existing law, social order, and

[2] J. S. Mill, "Political Economy," book i. chap. v.

system. Moreover, the interests of the workers are sacrificed to that which is termed the "influence of the union." As an example of this the strike at the South Metropolitan Gas Works may be cited. It was caused by the adoption of a scheme of co-partnership which gave the workmen a share in the profits of the Company; and though the Strike Committee of the Gas Workers' Union admitted that it would be "*beneficial to the workmen*," they considered it was "a seductive though most plausible bribe, calculated to *weaken the influence of the union*"; so they issued 2000 notices to their members.

The co-partnership scheme has been an entire success and an immense benefit to the workers. It has been in operation for twenty-four years, and the workers now hold shares in the company to the value of more than 340,000*l.* The bonus for the year ended the 30th of June 1913 amounted to 48,000*l.*, making a total of 640,000*l.*, divided amongst the employees of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. Thirty-six Gas Companies have followed this example, altogether representing a capital of 49,638,000*l.*, under co-partnership. A large number of other industries have adopted the principle of co-partnership. Strikes are a thing of the past, and the relations between employers and employed have been all that could be desired, forming a brilliant contrast to that miserable state of things which existed, both for the workmen and officers of the company, when the influence of the Gas Workers' Union predominated.

Few realize what misery a strike involves. A strike at Silvertown in 1889 collapsed after twelve weeks' conflict; a thousand of the hands returned to work, but 450 men and women were permanently out of work, practically dependent on the public for support. The Strike Committee in reporting the result airily stated that they "looked upon this defeat as a victory"; and so it may have been to *them;* but what about their unfortunate dupes, what misery does that twelve weeks' conflict represent if the facts could but be known? Was it a victory for the unfortunate 450 men and women, beggared and thrown out of employment in the depth of winter? Strikes are generally supported chiefly by the younger men who suffer comparatively little, while the brunt of the distress falls on the wives and families of the married men. The late general strikes were not caused by any disputes, ill-treatment, or grievance, but in order to carry out the Socialistic tactics of paralyzing trade and industry so as to destroy all social rule and order. The following evidence was given at the Railway Commission on Strikes by Mr. Lowth, secretary of the General Workers' Union:

What were the particular grievances that brought them out in your own society?—I don't think they had any.

Then why did they come out?—They came out as a protest against the grievances of the other men.

Did you order them to come out?—Yes.

And they came out?—They did.

And did you order them to go back?—Yes.

And they went back?—They did.

They had no grievance of any sort?—No.

They were ordered about like so many slaves in this so-called "free country." The coal strike in South Wales also was caused by no real grievance; wages were very high, the minimum wage was not a workers' grievance; it was a cloak of a Socialist conspiracy to ruin the coal-owner and rob him of his property. This was disclosed in a Socialist pamphlet entitled *The Miner's Next Step*, which urges

that a continued agitation be carried out in favor of continuing the *mini-*

mum wage and lessening the hours of labor until we have extracted the whole of the employers' profits. That our objective be to build up an organization that will ultimately take over the mining industry and carry it on in the interests of the workers. . . . Further, that the employer is vulnerable only in one place, his profits; therefore, if the men wish to bring effective pressure to bear they must use measures which tend to reduce profits. One way of doing this is to decrease production while continuing at work.

The pamphlet then proceeds to give an example of how this has actually been done in practice.

The men, instead of coming out on strike, reduced their output by half; instead of sending four trams of coal from a stall, two only were filled, and so on. The management thus saw its output cut in half whilst its running expenses remained the same. A few days' experience of a profitable industry turned into a losing one ended in the men's winning hands down.

Again, the general transport strike was not owing to any real grievance, it was actually caused by trade-unionists declining to work with a non-unionist; and this was made the excuse for a general strike throughout the country. The working classes have thus become practically slaves under the tyranny that forces them, when they have no grievance of any sort, to embark on a strike which, whether successful or no, must necessarily drive trade from the country, increase unemployment, paralyze trade and business throughout the land, raise prices of everything, and inflict untold ruin, pauperism, and misery on the workers and the poor.

VI.—Pauper Idlers a Cause of Pauperism.

A demand for the right to work, coming as it has done from those trade-unionists who deny that right to those who do not belong to their union, is somewhat inconsistent. Mr. John Burns, having been approached with the demand that Government should provide work for the unemployed, very properly refused to do so, probably having before his eyes the disastrous experience of France in yielding to a similar demand.

In 1848 the Socialist Government of France, yielding to such a demand, instituted a system of national works and workshops, although Lamartine, who held a high position in that Government, warned it that to do away with capital, in order to increase employment was "like drying up a spring in order to increase the flow of water." However, the national works and workshops were established, and, as might have been expected, failed disastrously. The Socialist workman, with his notions of liberty and equality, naturally declined to do anything like an honest day's work. Trade was paralyzed, and the Government brought to the verge of bankruptcy. At the commencement of this experiment the number of unemployed amounted to 8000, but in a few months it increased to upwards of 100,000, and as Lamartine told the National Assembly:

> The rich idler we all know; but you have created a class a hundred times more dangerous to themselves and others—a class of pauper idlers.

The sequel showed that Lamartine was right, for these hundred thousand pauper idlers congregated in Paris broke out into an insurrection which was only quelled after four days' heavy street fighting, in which Paris was wrecked, 3000 were killed, and about 3500 were arrested and deported to Algeria.

Those who raised the cry of "the right to work" have themselves been most active in "drying up the springs of labor" and depriving themselves of the power to work by their insane at-

tacks on capital; they have created hundreds of thousands of pauper idlers by their Socialistic strikes and measures, and are now attempting to bring about a repetition of the horrors and bloodshed which under the French Socialistic Governments of 1848 and 1871 have disgraced humanity.

VII.—Agricultural Ruin a Cause of Pauperism.

In agriculture we have to consider the most important industry of the country, whether we regard the amount of capital embarked in it, its direct interest to every member of the community, or its great influence on our national prosperity.[14]

Unfortunately there has been in the past half-century a persistent endeavor to destroy the influence of landowners by the ruin of agriculture; and taxing landowners out of existence has long been a leading article in the Socialist programme. The endeavor has been only too successful; landlords have been vilified, unjust and constantly increasing burdens have been thrown on the land, the sacredness of property in land has been denied, and iniquitous land acts have been passed. Agricultural laborers are numerically less than half their former number, having been driven by want of employment to emigrate or become paupers, or to swell the ranks of the unemployed in towns. Land formerly richly cultivated has degenerated into coarse, weedy pasture; yeomen farmers of little capital have been crushed out; during the past forty years nearly 5,000,000 acres of land have gone out of cultivation, only necessary work has been done; drainage has been neglected for want of funds, and farmers have had recourse to loans at ruinous rates of interest. Evidence before the Royal Commission on the Depression of Agriculture showed that land had constantly changed hands, that bankruptcies were frequent; the loss of capital caused by the ruin of agriculture was estimated in 1905 by Sir R. Palgrave at 1,700,000,000*l.* Mr. Lloyd George has insolently avowed his intentions of taxing the landowner out of existence; and his Finance Act appears to contain every trick that ingenuity could possibly devise to screw the uttermost farthing out of the land in the shape of "increment values duty," "reversion duty," "undeveloped land duty," &c., but even this drastic Act appears insufficient to satisfy the greed for plunder, for the last step contemplated is that of a single tax which will lay *all taxation and rating* on land alone.

This policy has been so far successful that at South Uist the rates actually rose to 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* per pound of rental. Undertakings were given in consequence of these ruinous rates by Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Crewe in 1910 that the question of local rating would be dealt with in the following session, but the undertaking has not been made good. Lord Skerrington, before whom the South Uist case was brought, found that "no remedy could be applied by law" for this act of legalized plunder, and the evil has been growing in gravity, for in the parishes of Lochs and Barras the rates have risen to 1*l.* 10*s.* and 1*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* per pound of rental respectively.[15] In other words, the whole of the rent has been confiscated, and the owner penalized to the extent of 10*s.* and 13*s.* 9*d.* per pound of rental for having the misfortune to own land. In fact the Government is avowedly perpetrating that which Senior, the political economist, has denounced as

the most revolting and perhaps the most mischievous form of robbery, in which the Government itself becomes

[14] "Report of the Royal Commission of 1889 on the Depression of Trade and Industry."

[15] "Scotsman," January 28, 1913.

an accomplice, when the property of whole classes of individuals is swept away by legislative enactments, and men owe their ruin to that very institution that was created to ensure their safety.

The Nineteenth Century. *Guilford L. Molesworth.*

THE BOYS OF DICKENS.

If, wondering at their number and their extraordinary vitality, we desire to understand as well as to enjoy the boys of Dickens, it is essential to revert to his own thwarted boyhood. The story seems as pathetic as it is familiar. Forster tells it all, and tells it well. Dickens himself tells part of it incomparably, although he chivalrously ignores its most striking point.

He is unquestionably the magnificent donor to English literature of its true *Comédie Humaine*, and parallels have so constantly been drawn between Dickens and Balzac that it becomes interesting to contrast their early years, in view of their subsequent vast harvests of achievement. They both knew poverty in its most sordid aspect. Balzac, indeed, knew it intimately all his life, save for the tragically brief "Indian summer" with which life ended. Dickens said goodbye to poverty in his triumphant youth, when Fortune fell in love with him, to be faithful, until Death bent gently over the unfinished page of *Edwin Drood*, and forbade the solution of its mystery.

Balzac started with decided advantages. He was born in a magical old city in the heart of Touraine. For him the music of the mellow bells of Tours, instead of the harsh clanging of the gates of the Marshalsea. For him in springtime such fairylands as Azay-le-Rideau, set in bowers of apple-blossom, made for a background to the gayest of all the daring *Contes Drôlatiques*. For Dickens the debt-ridden home in mean Bayham Street, with Camden Town for his dreary playground, and its poor shops and stunted, shabby-genteel houses for his scenery. Bitterest of all, his precociously poignant sense of the "sorrow's crown of sorrows." For in the beginning, the very delicate child had been happy in his own way, and he looked back wistfully to a lost land of promise.

According to Forster, "He was not much over nine years old when his father was recalled from Chatham, and he had to leave his good [school] master, and the fine old place endeared to him by recollections clinging to him afterwards all his life long. It was here he had made the acquaintance, not only of the famous books that David Copperfield specially names, of *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Arabian Nights*, and the *Tales of the Genii*, but also of the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Idler*, the *Citizen of the World*, and Mrs. Inchbald's collection of farces. They were a host of friends when he had no single friend, and in leaving the place, I have often heard him say, he seemed to be leaving them too, and everything that had given his ailing little life its picturesqueness or sunshine. It was the birthplace of his fancy; and he hardly knew what store he had set by its busy varieties of change and scene, until he saw the falling cloud that was to hide its pictures from him for ever. The gay, bright regiments always coming and going, the continual paradings and firings, the succession

of sham sieges and sham defences. the plays got up by his cousin in the hospital, the navy pay yacht in which he had sailed to Sheerness with his father, and the ships floating out in the Medway with their far visions of sea—he was to lose them all. He was never to watch the boys at their games any more. . . . He was to be taken to London inside the stage-coach 'Commodore,' and the Kentish woods and fields, Cobham Park and Hall, Rochester Cathedral and Castle, and all the wonderful romance together, including the red-cheeked baby he had been wildly in love with, were to vanish like a dream."

Balzac at least knew no such wrench as this. For him there was always possible in retrospect the vision splendid of his silver-blue Loire, of fruitful plains set about with historic *châteaux*, to flash upon the inward eye and recreate ages of "velvet and bright steel." Balzac, again, knew the tenderness of a very loving mother, if the worthy, active, parsimonious little *bourgeoise* had nothing of the traditional greatness of the mother of a genius.

And Dickens? Here we may well pause in amazement. For side by side with his loyal assurance that his mother grounded him admirably in reading and writing, stands a bitter passage. The tale of his servitude in the blacking factory of a man who certainly pitied him needs no repetition. At last his Micawber-like father quarreled with James Lamert, and his little son was dismissed.

"With a relief so strange it was like oppression, I went home. My mother set herself to accommodate the quarrel, and did so next day. She brought home a request for me to return next morning, and a high character of me, which I am very sure I deserved. My father said I should go back no more, and should go to school. I do not write resentfully or angrily, for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am. But I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back."

Six shillings a week for an ignoble drudgery, with no hope of ever rising above it, and parents as well satisfied "as if I had been leaving for Cambridge!" A quarter of a century afterwards did Dickens for the first time break silence to his most trusted friend concerning this squalid episode. Well may his family have been "stricken dumb about it." They were needy and embarrassed, but not in such dire straits as to compel them, with such reckless disregard for the future, to let their beautiful, promising son toil at starvation wages. Their conduct contrasts sharply with the self-denial of the mother of Balzac, contriving to send him a good coat by her stern thrift, and probably all-unconsciously strengthening the stubborn belief in his own star no disaster ever shattered.

We may well linger in righteous wrath before the picture of Dickens, bereft so callously of all sympathy, despairing with a boy's passionate despair, in his lonely lodging. A cruel stepfather sent orphaned David Copperfield to Murdstone and Grinby's; his original, Charles Dickens, was doomed to the same fate by his own parents. A noble shame forbade him to admit the truth, but their offence is not lessened because of its marvellous result. Genius makes its own laws, and, by a charming irony, it was this well-drubbed small scholar in the rough school of adversity whose bright destiny it was to diminish the pain of the world by the magic of his fancy.

It may be said with intention that his boyhood only seemed pathetic, for he transmuted its every wretched in-

cident into pure gold, his wonderful use of his narrow opportunities being of itself a miracle. It is surely a paradox that the boyhood of Balzac, with its beauty of environment, its touch of sweetness, bore such fruit as that fearful masterpiece *Le Père Goriot* —tragic Lear with no Cordelia—or such feverish phantasmagoria as *Peau de Chagrin*. Instead of wholesome boys he gives us Raphaëls and de Rubemprés, scented, artificial, old-young, and over-wise in "that they should not know." The merry heart of Dickens made its own sunshine, and from out those heavy shadows cast by the prison walls comes Pickwick, jolliest of all knights-errant, a grown-up boy himself, and a band of boys "whom to know is to love; to love, a liberal education."

There is, happily, no need to pause here over the obvious surface faults which have kept critics busy saying the same thing with tiresome iteration until Mr. G. K. Chesterton was not afraid to admire almost unreservedly. Taine and George Henry Lewes did their vindictive worst in vain, and Lewes, in the intervals of torturing Charlotte Brontë, established a futher claim to be regarded as a sort of Quilp of letters, a malign dwarf for ever carping at the giants because they are big. Perhaps only Henley has seriously championed those under-plots and wonder-plots which at times are tiresome and tangled. But it is not too much to assert that if only the boys could be left of his hundreds of characters, Dickens would still be Dickens.

They are not all on the same level of excellence, like those of Thackeray. A few of them are artistic failures. Yet there is strong evidence plentiful for those who wish to prove that the best of the novels are those containing the best boys. Every inch of his experience goes to their creation, for his plastic brain retained every impression of his early years until the psychological moment came for its use. He saw everything; he forgot nothing. The curious notebook he left behind him significantly gave a list of "names for boys."

The boys of Thackeray fall into two clearly defined groups. The boys of Meredith have analogy, if not actual likeness. Harry Richmond and Richard Feverel might have played cricket with Crossjay Patterne, as much a gentleman as either, despite his historic connection with the Marines. But the broad boy-realm of Dickens is very thickly populated; its extent gives room for large families. He is interested in every type, and individualizes the Artful Dodger and Young Smallweed with the same absolute sureness as David Copperfield or Paul Dombey.

A boy himself when he chose his brother's nickname to sign the *Sketches by Boz*, he was still too young to be in love with youth. Yet in *London by Night* there is surely what for nearly a century we have called a true Dickensian touch in dealing with it. In a back street, in a drizzle, all the matrons are calling simultaneously for "muffins," though it was not here that Dickens put a meteorological report in a nutshell by saying that "the weather suggested muffins, likewise crumpets, likewise Sally Lunns."

"Mrs. Walker has scarcely got the words out of her lips, than Mrs. Peplow over the way lets loose Master Peplow, who darts down the street with a velocity which nothing but buttered muffins in perspective could possibly inspire, and drags the boy back by main force." His mother pauses on the doorstep to enlarge to her neighbors on the "viciousness of boys in general, and the amiability of Master Peplow as an exception"; he vanishes, and we know no more of

him but that he was useful and resolute.

Pickwick, if it does not advance the boy to what Mr. Crummles would have defined as the "juvenile lead," contains one celebrity. The "Fat Boy" is pure farce, but he is inimitable. Like the immortal fowl of "Pet Marjorie," he is "more than mortal calm." His philosophy is simple. He lives to eat; but his rare utterances rivet our attention. "Now then, young opium-eater," jeers Sam Weller, but ridicule is powerless to disturb that gracious serenity. He fascinates us, "hanging over a capon he seemed unable to part with." Was it the memory of the lean years which made Dickens so tireless in loading his phantom tables with solid food? He was very moderate himself, and if "no one enjoyed making a bowl of Punch so much, no one drank as little of it." It was the atmosphere of abundant good cheer he loved, and the wise will no more quarrel with him than with Charles Lamb when he concentrates his airiest grace of style on the Essay on Roast Pig.

The Fat Boy—we never remember his name was Joseph—was thoroughly consistent. His idea of a handsome eulogy was to say of him he did not call his "employer" that he bred nice pork. The remark was accompanied with "a cannibalistic leer," as he thought of the gravy and crackling. Dare we despise him, when Laureate Southey, contemplating a bean-field in its perfumed bloom, could end his poem with the suggestive line: "And thoughts of bacon rise"? A boy who enjoyed picking up a dead rook because it was plump and evoked visions of savory pies, was really a mute, if not inglorious, Brillat-Savarin. He woos appropriately at dinner-time, with a knife and fork "plunged to the very ferrules" in a meat pie. There is pathos in his lament to Mary: "How we should have enjoyed our meals together!" Yet it is evident the rebuff of the future Mrs. Samuel Weller never affected his magnificent appetite.

To pass on to *Oliver Twist* is to find the boy as hero, and to speculate whether he is really better fitted for the dignity than Scott's wooden Waverley. Here Dickens set out on the first of his long, intensely earnest crusades against social evils. Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*—an arrant sentimentalist, for all his intervals of ferocity—"sobbed and cried" over little Oliver, and this is precisely what we of to-day cannot do.

He never quite fulfils the promise of his first notable appearance. Pale spokesman for a hungry, piteous brotherhood, he approaches the terrible Beadle with an empty porringer and the petition, "Please, Sir, I want some more." The Crabbe-like fidelity of the workhouse scenes is admirable. Yet they are certainly dominated by Mr. Bumble, wearing the "parochial button of the Good Samaritan helping the beggar," rather than by this pretty lad of gentle birth, who comes into his own when our breathless interest is wholly centred upon Bill Sikes and the Jew.

In the later chapters Oliver is unconvincing. We like him better in the days of his apprenticeship to the not unkindly undertaker, when he unconsciously provides a new vocation for boys. "'It's about young Twist, my dear,' said Mr. Sowerby. 'A very good-looking boy that, my dear.' 'He need be, for he eats enough,' observed the lady. 'There's an expression of melancholy in his face which is very interesting. He would make a delightful mute, my love.' Mrs. Sowerby looked up with an expression of considerable wonderment. . . . 'I don't mean a regular mute to attend grown-up people my dear,

but only for children's practice. It would be very new to have a mute in proportion, my dear; you may depend upon it, it would have a most superb effect.' . . . It was a nice sickly season just at this time. . . . The success of Mr. Sowerby's ingenious speculation exceeded his most sanguine hopes. . . . Many were the mournful processions which little Oliver headed, in a hat-band reaching to his knees: to the indescribable admiration of all the mothers in the town."

But if we lack "pearly fugitives" for the much-tried hero, it is a heavy spirit which cannot revel in those matchless young rascals, Charley Bates and Mr. John Dawkins, world-famous as the Artful Dodger. They are the very best of bad company, irresistible from the instant of their introduction. Truly great, the Dodger is truly affable, and good-naturedly enenlightens the depths of Oliver's ignorance: "'My eyes, how green. . . . Why, a beak's a magist'rate, and when you walk by a beak's order, it's not straightforerd, but always a-going up and niver a-coming down agin. Was you niver on the mill?' 'What mill?' inquired Oliver. 'What Mill? Why *the* mill as takes up so little room that it'll work inside a Stone Jug.'"

Like the Fat Boy, the Artful Dodger is a philosopher, yet even he had one blot upon his 'scutcheon. His friend's heart-rending lamentation explains it. Charged with attempting to pick a pocket, known to have actually replaced the handkerchief in it as of inferior quality, for a lesser luminary it might have seemed a tame farewell to so much greatness.

"'I must have a full suit of mourning, Fagin, and a hatband to wisit 'im afore he sets out on his travels. To think of Jack Dawkins—lummy Jack—the Dodger—the Artful Dodger, going abroad for a common twopence halfpenny sneeze box! I never thought he'd a done it under a gold watch, chain, and seals, at the lowest. Oh, why didn't he rob some rich old gentleman of all his walables, and go out *as* a gentleman, and not like a common prig, without no honor and glory.'" But once at Bow Street, the Dodger retrieved his character, "doing full justice to his bringing up."

There is a forecast of his brilliant duel with the police in the *Sketches by Boz*, where another boy has no fewer than fifteen "vitnesses" waiting to swear to his character; but what mastery the hand has attained in the brief years between the books. The very jailer admires the repartee of the Dodger, and scarcely resents his patronizing "'Did you redress yourself to me, my man?'" "'I never see such an out and out young wagabond, your worship,' observed the officer with a grin. 'Do you mean to say anything, you young shaver?' 'No,' replied the Dodger, 'not here, for this ain't the shop for justice; besides which, my attorney is a-breakfastin' this morning with the Wice-President of the House of Commons; but I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a very numerous and 'spectable circle of acquaintance, as'll make them beaks wish they'd never been born, or that they'd got their footmen to hang 'em up to their own hat-pegs, afore they let 'em come out this morning to try it upon me.'"

It is curious that the Dodger drops no aitches during a valedictory address worthy of his genius. "Fully committed" as we know him to be, we part with him with a keen pang of regret. Dickens came superbly into his own kingdom in the thieves' kitchen, worthy stage of a comedy of errors which was the curtain-raiser for such grim tragedy.

Nicholas Nickleby abounds in boys, if

scarcely of such a high standard of characterization. It is so joyously irradiated with infectious fun we forgive the broadening into caricature, and only lose patience over occasional lapses into a rather mawkish sentimentality. No other school in fiction has attained the celebrity of Dotheboys Hall, "where youth are (*sic*) boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money." It shares with Cowan Bridge, as pilloried at a later date in *Jane Eyre*, the honor of having compelled a sorely-needed reform. To-day we forget the earnest side, "an incipient hell brooded there," to laugh and laugh again with the family of Squeers. The hopeful son, Wackford, was given rich pastry when anyone would pay for it, in order to "make his flesh shine," and impress the parents. He was an odious little tyrant, as cruel as his father, and is introduced kicking the miserable Smike as the drudge tried on him the new boots stolen from the new pupils.

Smike, despite his rags and "tattered child's frill," cannot strictly rank as a boy. He is the same age as his cousin Nicholas when they meet, so that even his unparalleled success as the lean apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* can only be reluctantly ignored. That he could play it without make-up says enough. If Nicholas is a stick as a lover, he makes gallant amends when he thrashes Squeers. He is hardly more than a boy himself, yet "vainly did young Wackford rush to the defence of his father," and prove that he was not quite a coward by "harassing the enemy in the rear." In sister Fanny's immortal letter we find the assertion that "me and my brother were then the victims of his feury," but we long for better evidence that he really got his deserts.

Boys have a tantalizing way of peering out of the full page of Dickens, only to baffle the curiosity they excite. The retainer of the majestic Mr. Mortimer Knag may be instanced, when he issued the impressive command: "'Thomas, close the warehouse.'" "Thomas was a boy nearly half as tall as a shutter, and the warehouse was a shop about the size of three hackney coaches," and—it is notable—the hour ten o'clock on a cold night.

The Masters Crummles, if they pale beside the "infant phenomenon," make a prompt appeal to our liking. Their introduction to Nicholas has all the charm of the unexpected: "At the upper end of the room were a couple of boys, one of them very tall and the other very short, both dressed as sailors . . . and both were overlooked by a large heavy man, perched against the corner of a table, who emphatically adjured them to strike a little more fire out of the swords, and they couldn't fail to bring down the house on the very first night." "'There's a picture,'" said Mr. Crummles very justly. Alas! space lacks for the full description of the duel which terminated so gloriously.

"'What did you think of that, Sir?' inquired Mr. Crummles. 'Very good, indeed—capital,' answered Nicholas. 'You won't see such boys as those very often, I think,' said Mr. Crummles. Nicholas assented, observing that if they were a little better match—— 'Match!' cried Mr. Crummles, properly shocked by the ignorance displayed by such a comment. 'I mean if they were a little more of a size,' said Nicholas explaining himself. 'Size,' repeated Mr. Crummles, 'why it's the very essence of the combat that there should be a foot or two between them. How are you to get up the sympathies of the audience in a legitimate manner, if there isn't a little man contending against a great one?'" The Masters Crummles had

earned their beefsteak pudding when they got it. They had "emitted showers of sparks from their swords" —"a very great point indeed, in the estimation of their illustrious father and critic." We feel them altogether worthy of the redundant eulogy of Mr. Snittle Timberry before their departure for America. Their words were few, their deeds valiant. Their "chief talent was for combat," yet they were probably more missed than if they had been a very brace of Hamlets for soliloquy.

To be chronological is to pursue the boy to *The Old Curiosity Shop*, probably the best-praised and best-abused tale Dickens ever told. Christopher Nubbles, otherwise Kit, is a good fellow. He is quite human, albeit grown-up and a bread-winner with such praiseworthy precocity. His entry is arresting, as he uses his fists handily against the small sinner in the atrocious service of Quilp. And we owe Kit an abiding debt of gratitude for preserving Astley's for us. The smell of the sawdust, the sight, not merely of the "'oofs of the 'orses," but the Arab steeds with flying ladies all tights and spangles, are sheer delight. There is nothing more Dickensian in all Dickens, and well do we comprehend why, in her ecstasy, Barbara's mother beat her umbrella on the floor until she wore it "nearly to the gingham." But Kit did not himself play the lead on that dazzling occasion; he had a much younger brother to outshine him. "The greatest miracle of the night was little Jacob, who ate oysters as if he had been born and bred to the business, sprinkled the pepper and the vinegar with a discretion beyond his years, and afterwards built a grotto on the table with the shells."

With *Barnaby Rudge* comes surprised discovery that Dickens wrote a group of books in which boys are strangely scarce. The boyhood of Barnaby—so much braver without wits than half those accredited with them—is dismissed in a few picturesque lines. *A Tale of Two Cities* adds nothing to the list. *Little Dorrit*, but for a too brief glimpse of John Chivery, Junior, in the backyard of the turnkey, also disappoints in this single respect. In *The Chimes*, overweighted with purpose, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, overstocked with sugary sentiment, the boy has no prominence. For all their excellent virtues, is it too much to say that to the true lover of human comedy there is a want felt in all five? The boy is the father of the man, and, like *The Pirates of Penzance*, we do not wish to deal only with orphans.

The Haunted Man is redeemed from actual dulness by small Johnny Tetterby nursing sister Sally—"a very Moloch of a baby on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet in any one place for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. . . ." The cheerful, overweighted slave, believing so lovingly in the charm of his heavy-headed autocrat, is a true Dickensian find.

But in 1843 *Martin Chuzzlewit* made full atonement. Dickens showed his astuteness in his trenchant treatment of young America. He has left no portraits of American boys, because he proves to us that there are none. By an inexplicable paradox, all the inhabitants of the New World are born old. It is true, Martin took the eminent war correspondent of the *Rowdy Journal* for "a little child guilelessly playing at Editor" till the appalling talk of Mr. Jefferson Brick shatters the delusion. But who cares to linger in the stricken fever swamp of Eden when access is to be had to a

greasier boarding-house than the Maison Vauquer itself?

For there we first meet the inimitable Bailey Junior, and, Silas Wegg-like, drop into poetry to maintain "There is no one beside him, and no one above him." With his red head and "no nose to speak of," he makes his leisurely entry with a very dirty Wellington boot on one arm, and the nonchalant excuse for delay that he mistook the great Pecksniff for the paper, and "wondered why you didn't shove yourself through the grating as usual." His admirers need no quotation from his endless repartee to prove its brilliancy, and as for those outcasts who "cannot" read Dickens, let them find cold comfort in the ironical pity of Mr. Andrew Lang. Bailey Junior is a cheery optimist, whether brushing coats at midnight in the dim beetle-strewn kitchens of "Todger's," or recklessly driving that well-connected animal with Capricorn for nephew and Cauliflower for "own brother." He announces the banquet in the sufficient words, "Wittles is up!" and appraises the respected Mrs. Gamp with the judicial remark, "There's the remains of a fine woman about Sairey." When he felt his genius soar beyond Todger's and its "jovial brood," he hesitated as to his vocation. He confided to the Miss Pecksniffs he "thought of going either into top boots or into the army." "'There's a-many drummers in the Tower. I'm acquainted with them. Don't their country set a valley on 'em, mind you! Not at all!' 'You'll be shot I see,' observed Mercy. 'Well,' cried Mr. Bailey, 'wot if I am. I'd sooner be hit by a cannon ball than by a rolling pin.'" As we know, he elected for the boots; yet Bailey Junior was a loss to the service, and he would have found pleasure there in the society of Jakin and Lew, of "The Fore and Aft." If he was the typical London boy of his time, it was a wholesome type, fearless, kindly, and of a very pretty wit. Had Dickens killed him we could never have forgiven it; but, as we are satisfactorily aware, he lived to be elected partner to Poll Sweedlepipes in the bird business, with a special eye to the "sporting interest."

Dombey and Son can boast no Bailey Junior. Its Londoners are unconvincing. Rob the Grinder is a rather clumsy caricature, and worthy Walter Gay too much the conventional good apprentice. But rich amends are made by the pupils of Dr. Blimber's select forcing house, where "All boys blew before their time. Mental green-peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons." Dickens is alleged to have found Blimber's in a school from which he quickly removed one of his sons. There were evidently schools without organized games in the genteel 'forties, where the hairdresser came to curl all gentlemanly heads for the "break-up" dance, and the only other amusement was to walk two and two on the parade. Carping is silenced before the superb ease with which the genius of Dickens allows him to pass from perfection in Bailey Junior to perfection in Toots.

Briggs, Tozer, Barnet Shettles, and the rest, all live, drawn in a few firm strokes. But Toots stands first, in those trousers made by Burgess and Co., "fash'nable but very dear." His quaint friendship with tiny Paul, the fine touch of chivalry beneath his absurd exterior, is made exquisitely apparent. His hopeless love for Florence, beautifully teaching him to take the rough old dog Diogenes to comfort her when he has no words, makes his subsequent misalliance with her maid jar upon us

It is Paul Dombey's most fervent admirers who try to make him the insufferable little prig he never was, or how could the other boys have tolerated him, far less liked him as they did? It seems to be forgotten how much of Paul was autobiographical, how largely his was a case of remembrance, not of intuitive imagination. In the Chatham days, when Dickens was what he calls "a not particularly cared-for child," he was miserably delicate. Too weak and weary to play cricket, he could only look on wistfully. He is accused of "enjoying holocausts of infants" by his detractors, but Paul's short life did not in the least recall "the little sickly child" of a hymn by some Mrs. Fairchild. He had spirit, or how else would he have engaged so dauntlessly with the terrific Mrs. Pipchin and his preposterous father?

When Mr. Dombey pompously asserts that "money can do everything," Paul replies with the unanswerable question, "'Then why didn't money save me my mamma?'" and Dombey is nowhere in argument with "Son." As he sits beside the fire with the black cat and the weird Pipchin, in her sable bombazeen, she accuses him of impoliteness because he admits he is thinking "how old she must be." "'It's not polite,' said Paul, innocently, 'to eat all the mutton-chops and toast, Wickham says.' 'Wickham,' retorted Mrs. Pipchin, coloring, 'is a wicked, impudent, bold-faced hussy.' 'What's that?' inquired Paul. 'Never you mind, Sir,' retorted Mrs. Pipchin. 'Remember the story of the little boy that was gored to death by the mad bull for asking questions.' 'If the bull was mad,' said Paul, 'how did *he* know the boy had asked questions? Nobody can go and whisper secrets to a mad bull. I don't believe that story.' 'You don't believe it, Sir?' repeated Mrs. Pipchin amazed. 'No,' said Paul. Mrs. Pipchin weakly shifted her ground, saying, 'Not if it should happen to have been a tame bull, you little infidel?' As Paul had not considered the subject in that light, and had founded his conclusions on the alleged lunacy of the bull, he allowed himself to be put down for the present. But he sat . . . with such an obvious intention of fixing Mrs. Pipchin presently, that even that hardy old lady deemed it prudent to retreat till he should have forgotten the subject." Small wonder he "sometimes confounded Mrs. Pipchin, ogress as she was"; but let folks who assert Paul is unnatural in his elfin precocity read the letters of Sir Walter Scott's Maidie, and they will hold their peace.

Those—and they are many—who insist that novels should be unalloyed fiction, cannot regard *David Copperfield* as a novel at all, for the original of one of the few heroes who never let our interest slacken is so plainly the writer himself. He waited till he was ripe for his masterpiece before telling the story of his own boyhood, and his success is so unquestioned, mere imagination seems a secondary charm compared with such arresting actuality. Even matchless creations like Micawber do not lure us into the usual easy forgetfulness of the hero. This boy will live as long as English literature, and Tommy Traddles was worthy of being best man at his wedding.

Steerforth, on the other hand, approaches complete failure. Thackeray ought to have dealt with him. Mrs. Steerforth's explanation why he was sent to Salem House is absurd. He was there for the exigencies of the plot, and for nothing else. Murdstone wanted to separate David cheaply from his mother. The detestable old uncle who married his cook and disinherited Traddles of the "sky-blue skeleton suit," probably approved of

Creakle's cruel inability to resist caning such a chubby lad. But Steerforth, *en route* for an Oxford career prudently ignored by Dickens, ought never to have been a "parlor boarder" in such a parody of a place. This does not in the least affect the naturalness of little David's idolatry for the handsome senior who was no gentleman. That title belongs to dauntless Traddles when, stung by the brutality to the wretched, half-starved usher, he dared to remonstrate with the ringleader: "'Shame, J. Steerforth!'" "He was very honorable, Traddles was, and held it as a solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another." He became, as we know, a judge, and married the "dearest girl in the world," and we feel his luck was no more than his due.

To have lingered over Charles Dickens at Lamert's makes it unnecessary to linger over David Copperfield at Murdstone and Grinby's, in their common torment of humiliation. "A child of excellent abilities, and with strong power of observation, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt bodily or mentally, it seems wonderful that nobody should have made any sign in my defence, but nobody did." It is David speaking for himself, and for that brother in pain upon whose grave in Westminster the laurels lie thickly strewn.

Autobiography ceases with the early years, but had the book ended with those chapters it would nevertheless have been the masterpiece it is. It is worthy of the lavish meed of praise comprehendingly given it. Drowsy David, kept awake with cowslip wine by his enthusiastic audience whilst he retold his beloved "Peregrine Pickle" at Salem House, is contrasted strikingly with the warehouse drudge trying to interest "Mealy Potatoes" and the rest in those gay adventures. "No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sank to their companionship." If Balzac had impossibly created a David Copperfield, he would never have let him quite retrieve that past. Dickens, at the zenith of a success unparalleled, could pass joyously to Dr. Strong's school at Canterbury, and let us loiter enchanted over David's early loves. Miss Shepherd, of the turned-in toes, whose name he inserted among "those of the royal family in church," whom he courted with a secret gift of "twelve Brazil nuts" and of "soft seedy biscuits and oranges innumerable." Miss Larkins, a "divinity in blue," aged thirty, whom he worshipped at seventeen, and to whom he offered his buttonhole, "pink camellia japonica, price half a crown." He "leaves off bear's grease" when Miss Larkins marries a stout hop-grower—a horrid sidelight on the greasy custom of his time. Steerforth may well have called him "Daisy," but if his boyish simplicity and sincerity be quite out of fashion, then the times are out of joint.

Bleak House is a tragedy, for all its conventional happy ending and its rich irradiating humor. It is full of boys. Wholesome "young Woolwich," the flute-playing son of the apple-cheeked "old girl," delightful daughter of her regiment. Unwholesome "young Swills," setting the ghastly suicide of Captain Hawdon to slow music for the entertainment of topers at the "Sol's Arms," and only becoming "pastoral in the long vacation," as he warbles of country joys. Young Smallweed, a world-worn veteran at fourteen, "cocking his elfin eye" at barmaids rising forty, and adding the sardonic postscript "No slugs" to his order for summer cabbage. The wretched Masters Pardiggle, with their little incomes impounded for philanthropic purposes by their appalling mother. The youngest, Alfred, aged five, is reported to have "volun-

tarily enrolled himself in the Infant Bonds of Joy, and is pledged never, through life, to use tobacco in any form." All these are absolutely different; all flesh and blood. Yet they are but supers in the poignant drama; the "juvenile lead" belongs to Jo from the moment he shuffles in at the inquest where the coroner decides it is "out of the question" to take his evidence. "Name Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heerd of such a think. . . . No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie." Jo cannot say who implants this last conviction, yet it governs him to the end. To-day, with the tambourines of "Salvation" tinkling in our worst slums, with the disciplined force of the Church Army standing at attention in the bleakest winter midnight, there might have been some help. These things were yet to be. In 1852 the voice of Dickens, broken by compassion, was the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

The unctuous Chadband is a bit of frank caricature when he elevates Jo to the dignity of text for his sermon of oily platitudes, for his everlasting "Let us in a spirit of love inquire"

"O running fount of sparkling joy
To be a soaring human boy."

Chadband's quotation deeply impressed his hearers, with the certain exception of Jo himself. Mrs. Snagsby, indeed, indignantly expresses her "belief that he is a limb of the arch-fiend." The scene is altogether ludicrous, belonging to a past so remote we need to remind ourselves there can be no caricature without a clearly defined subject.

Yet how immediately laughter is still when Jo leaves his muddy crossing for ever because "the light is coming." "Dead your Majesty, dead my lords and gentlemen. Dead Right Reverends, and wrong Reverends of every order. Dead men and women born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day." The tiresomely reiterated charge of artificiality cannot be urged here. "Too many death scenes," croak detractors; yet, if we made a census of the vast population of characters Dickens created, it is obvious the death-rate is not really disproportionate. *The History of David Grieve*, for instance, has possibly as many funerals as *Bleak House* in its far narrower circle.

In *Hard Times* Dickens certainly revealed unexpected new power, but he did not add notably to his boys. But there is all the freshness of David Copperfield in Pip, of the *Great Expectations*. He might fairly dispute the first place among the boys of Dickens, for his absolute fidelity to nature. There is nothing weak in the reticent pathos, nothing tending to caricature in the all-pervading humor. *Great Expectations* is altogether remarkable and satisfying. It has the best plot Dickens ever invented, and the mouldering splendors of Miss Havisham are really impressive. Philip Pirrip knew nothing of the family except what the tombstones of his parents suggested to his active fancy. "To the five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine, who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle, I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained, that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trouser pockets."

Pip himself was "brought up by hand" with the unpleasant assistance of plenty of the nauseous tar-water then regarded as an elixir vitæ, and of

a cane familiarly known as Tickler. He was "not Pompeyed," according to his stern foster-mother, Mrs. Joe Gargery, and he was certainly no saint. When Uncle Pumblechook became quite unendurable, the depraved Pip fabricated a brilliant romance as to his doings at Satis House. The excellent Joe Gargery was especially impressed with his account of four immense dogs "fighting for veal cutlets from a silver basket."

At bottom Joe is more amazed at Pip's imagination than horrified at his mendacity when that reprobate unburdens his conscience. "'Come, Pip,' said Joe persuasively, 'if there wasn't no weal cutlets at least there were dogs.' 'No, Joe.' 'A dog?' said Joe. 'A puppy? Come!' 'No, Joe, there was nothing at all of the kind.' Joe contemplated me in dismay. 'Pip, old chap! This won't do, old fellow! I say! where do you expect to go to?'"

It would be hard to find a better fist fight in fiction than Pip's encounter with his subsequent best friend. Mr. Pocket overawed his opponent by his technique. He was great at the "laws of the game," and Draconian for the "Regular rules."

Pugilists may like to contrast this conflict with the occasion when David Copperfield went out against the young butcher, and defeated him gloriously. David's affair of honor was conducted on the most correct lines, but he was evidently just as surprised as Pip when he won. The modesty common to both heroes is probably the chief reason why we like them so well.

Pip's burning desire was to be a gentleman. It is a fine touch that his ashamed consciousness of his ingratitude to Joe, with whom nature has so beautifully replaced education by chivalrous instinct, keeps him admirably doubtful if he is indeed on the way to realize his ideal. The nineteen chapters devoted to his youth leave nothing to be desired. They are excellent, from the first encounter with the convict, necessitating the theft of the pork pie which—strange anomaly—was to be eaten *after* the plum pudding as a digestive, to his departure to London to claim his mysterious fortune. As to his enemy, Trabb's boy, he deserves a book to himself.

In *Our Mutual Friend* the boys are rather in the background. Sloppy, the nameless waif who turns the mangle for brave old Betty Higden, is already a hobbledehoy when his acquaintance is made.

But there is another Johnny here, lying very still in a ward in the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, who may at least claim to have made his last will and testament far better than most of his seniors. "'Too late,'" said the doctors as Johnny was tenderly laid down, to be cheered "by an amazing circumstance. This was no less than the appearance on his own little platform of All Creation, on its way to his own particular ark: the elephant leading, and the fly, with a diffident sense of his size, politely bringing up the rear. A very little brother lying in the next bed with a broken leg was so enchanted by this spectacle that his delight exalted its enthralling interest."

In the night the end came, and John Rokesmith, bending down tenderly, saw that his namesake wished to speak. "'Him,' said the little fellow. 'Those!' The doctor was quick to understand, and taking the horse, the ark, the yellow bird, and the man in the Guards from Johnny's bed, softly placed them on that of his neighbor, the mite with the broken leg. With a weary yet pleased smile, and with an action as if he stretched his little figure out to rest, the child heaved his body on the sustaining arm, and seek-

ing Rokesmith's face with his lips, said, 'A kiss for the boofer lady.' Having now bequeathed all he had to dispose of, and arranged his affairs in this world, Johnny, thus speaking, left it." The blank verse of *Little Nell*, the last words of Paul Dombey, do not move us like this.

And not without reason has the *Christmas Carol*, the best Christmas number that ever was, or ever will be, been left for the final note of admiration. It contains the boy whose actual influence has been stronger than that of any other boy in fiction. Let the superior cavil at Scrooge's conversion as they will, the wiser listen to Thackeray's homage in complete agreement.

"Who can listen to objections to such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit. . . . As for Tiny Tim, there is a passage regarding that young gentleman about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him."

The *Carol* is crowded with boys, and Master Peter Cratchitt, "not proud although his collars nearly choked him," is not more a real boy than his crippled brother. "Tiny Tim, who did *not* die," is completely human when "borne off by the two young Cratchitts that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper." If his "Hurrah" was feeble, it was genuine, and he showed his judgment when he drank Scrooge's health, and "didn't care twopence about it," at the best dinner in all fiction.

Sometimes, though it is rare, a writer defiantly risks misunderstanding, and flashes out the truth as to his own work. Thackeray's legendary "This is genius" has its parallel in the *Carol* when Dickens dares to say: "Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God." He obeyed the divine command, and suffered these dream children of his teeming fancy to draw near and to do miracles by their magic. Like Balzac, he never lost the joy in his creative power. We hear so much of the storm, and stress, and sorrow of production, we forget that for genius inspiration often comes in a steady, even flow, like a full tide in summer rising calmly to its height.

How much duller the world would be without these countless boys of Dickens. Jolly, impossible little Master Harry Walmers, of the fairy elopement, might alone have made a reputation for a meaner man. They are of all sorts and conditions, yet we could not spare one of them. *Oliver Twist* without the Dodger, *Chuzzlewit* bereft of our Bailey Junior, even *Pickwick* without the "Fat Boy," would be well-nigh unrecognizable; nothing could fill their vacant places. How vague and shadowy, how infinitely less interesting, are the boys in the fiction of to-day.

Among his boys Dickens stands smiling and impregnable. Well may we echo the words of that unknown Irish lady who met him in the street with the petition: "Let me touch the hand which has peopled my house with friends."

Rowland Grey.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Debt of Honor.

Autumn drew on to winter, and they were pleasant days to Roger. He was so deep in love with Cicely that he did not care who knew it. They met by field and moor, and Jack Lister, looking on, wondered that he had ever thought of playing rival to his dominant, big friend. With sickness of heart, but with the clear eye that saw things as they were, he knew that these two would not look further than each other in life's courtship. They were mated, somehow, by the God who sends true love into a muddled world.

"I'll die game, anyhow," thought lile Jack, after riding with the two of them one night as far as the cross-way leading to his own house. "If one has to be a bachelor, one has. It's as simple as hoeing a row of turnips, once you learn the way of whistling as if nothing mattered."

They shot and hunted till a thick snow came, a week before Christmas. Then they stalked hares across the whitened pastures—a tiring game, but full of zest—and when they wearied of that they got their sledges out and went mad-cap down the brink fields. It was said in Marshcotes that "the bleakest day ever bred or thought of would find young Squire seeking some bit of pastime, like."

Hunting, or out after game, or tip-tilting down the frozen banks of snow, it was all one to Roger. The wonder of life was on him, the strangeness and the vigor of his love for Cicely. He feared to spoil it—feared to touch her hand, lest the secret should be out and he be driven somehow from this casual Paradise allowed him in the midst of debts, and unrest of the mills below, and his father's growing infirmities.

Through these months, Adeline, his father's ward, was suave and likeable whenever he returned from the open to find her sitting by the fire. She was anxious to know what he had done, was smooth to praise him, as she was with all men; but with him there was a difference always.

Only Mrs. Holt read Adeline aright. The girl loved popularity, especially with men; she was bendable as a hazel-twig to the shifting chances of each day, with nothing of discipline or faith to give her a lead up the hills of life. But she treated Roger with a deference and a freedom, both combined, that explained much to Roger's mother.

Roger himself was seeing a new world, where all the hills were bigger than they used to be, all his neighbors kindlier and more pleasant in their greetings. He thought the world had changed, and not himself. If he had known it, folk could not help but answer the quick, insistent happiness he carried in his face, and in his easy, swinging stride. He was passing through that Eden which comes once to every man and woman, like a glamor not of this world; it was for Cicely and himself to prove how far the glamor carried them.

Cicely was the good fairy of the moorside these days. Her wilful lapses into French when confronted with the rough, homely speech of the uplands—her keen zest in being home again after the drab life of Brussels—her constant joy in living just for living's sake—swept more sober folk clean off their feet. The harshest of the moor-folk could not resist two people in their midst who were so plainly

at peace with the world as it stood.

Over the moor-crest—beyond the dip of the hill that ran down to Kitling Ford and up again to the lone farm that Widow Shackleton tended since her good man died—the dog known once as Red Ratcliffe was very sober and content. Instead of raiding sheep, he gathered them to fold. And when his day's work was done he was a little fussy round about the widow; for he knew that she was growing weaker every day. Dogs understand these things, and Red Ratcliffe was like a quiet physician round about the house, yapping needlessly sometimes o' nights to assure his mistress that he was prepared to guard her. And day by day Widow Shackleton grew more and more to depend upon this guardian who had come out of the empty moor to succor her; he was, as she explained to him often in her own tart way, "better than human because he could talk wi' his eyes, but not wi' his tongue. There was niver no fear he'd go spreading idle tales down i' th' village—saying she took her drop o' gin and water o' nights to put her sorrows to sleep—as why shouldn't an old body who had few other friends about her?"

Red Ratcliffe liked himself these days. It was good to be trusted again; for at the heart of every dog is planted a longing for men's trust and for the errands trust may give him.

Twice during that winter Phineas Oldroyd approached Roger with a view to purchasing Eller Beck Mead, but met with good-humored refusal.

"We haven't much left, Mr. Oldroyd," he said, at the end of the second interview—"but when there's only an acre to call our own, we'll stand on top of it, like a cock-grouse on a rock, and laugh at your greasy mills."

"Eh, but you're dogged," said Phineas, with grudging tribute to the man he had thought unstable. "I never could tell why folk were so proud of owning land."

"Then why are you so keen to buy it?"

"That's different. There's a sight o' water running to waste through the Mead, and it's simply asking for a thrifty mill to be bigged beside it, like."

"Do you remember the day we met you half down Barguest-lane? It seems a long while since, but I can see you standing by the cottage you were reared in—the cottage you bought after you made money—and you said you wouldn't sell it for any price, because it had been your father's."

"Well? I'm not ashamed o' my own father."

"Just so," laughed Roger. "I never guessed how near alike our views were, Mr. Oldroyd."

Oldroyd yielded to the instinctive suspicion of the man who stands between the cottage he has left and the big-little house that has taught him self-importance. He was rough to the core of him, with a temper whose roots lay very near the surface. "The beginning and end of it all," he said, standing with his legs straddled far apart and his head thrust aggressively close to Roger's—"it's just this, young Squire. There's a deep gulf between class and class—a gulf deep as th' bottomless pit my father used to crack about on chapel-Sundays. Naught alters that. You're laughing at me—you, wi' your air of owning all fro' this to the blue sky aboon us. I tell ye it won't do, these days. Time was when land kinged everything; but land's going down and mills are going up, and naught will stop us."

Roger would not lose his good-humor. He had so much to live for, now Cicely had come back to light the hills with benison. The day, mid-

December though it was, was full of tempered sunlight, with the red-gold glow of October brackens in its rays —and gnats were dancing, in vast surprise that their sleep had been so short between winter-time and spring.

"Let's sit down to the argument," said Roger, choosing a likely stone at the side of the highway. "There was no gulf between class and class in my father's time—bottomless or shallow, there was no gulf. There was just a neighborly good-feeling between us all, until you built mills and spoiled the moorside."

"Spoiled it? Why, we made it. Look at th' brass that's been made 'twixt this and Cranshaw!"

"And growing misery wherever you herd your workers, like swine, in hovels you call cottages. There's not a hind on our lands, Oldroyd, who lives as some of your folk do."

Roger, after all, was not so good-humored as he thought. He got to his feet again, and the two men fronted each other across the narrow lane. And Oldroyd, for his part, was amazed that this youngster knew so much of what went on behind the outward pomp of steam, the new law-giver.

"There's a deep gulf, I say," he protested noisily.

"There is—and you dug it, Oldroyd —you, and men like you. And the Squire is killing himself in trying to fill up the trench. My father—I know what he's done in service to the moorside—know as you never will know, Oldroyd; and your rank in life is to open gates for him, whenever he rides your way, and doff that greasy cap of yours—just because man for man he's worth twenty of you."

Oldroyd, in some queer way, knew that he was beaten, and he accepted the knowledge with a contriteness that was almost grace. "You've a knotty sort of love for your father, any road. We'll just agree to differ, you and me, in all else. But I'd like ye to think over that offer o' mine for Eller Beck Mead. Ye'll never get a better—no, nor half as good."

"I had a better offer yesterday," said Roger—"and one to-day."

Oldroyd grew jealous instantly. "Who's been bidding against me?"

"Family pride. Just that. You'll never outbid him, Oldroyd—so just give up the Mead, and quit dreaming of it every night."

Roger went down the road with a cheery nod. It was easy to jest, because Cicely had returned, with a knowledge of French and deportment that the first breath of Marshcote had blown aside.

Cicely had returned, and the wonder of it never ceased. She was tomboy, sprite, and woman grown—a thing apart from the every-day of life—a song to lure men up the hills—a wonder and a fragrance whether the wind blew west or bitter east. Whenever she crossed his path the day was bigger for her coming, and when he did not meet her he was sure that life was treating him uncivilly.

Roger had captured the rarest of all winged things, the real love and abiding; and, because he was in love, he did not know it, but was treading on air for all his neighbor-folk to see.

It was too good to last. Men are made as the good God wills, and cannot hope to climb up the hill o' dreams at the pace Roger was keeping nowadays, day in, day out. They need a check, somehow, lest their hearts tire out their bodies.

He returned one afternoon in March from a scamper over the moors with Cicely, to find only Adeline at home. She poured out tea for him, was solicitous for his comfort until she knew that the big, healthy body of the man was fed. Then, little by little, she talked of Cicely, as of a friend

she was growing to love; and, before he knew it, Roger was sharing his confidence with her. This thing that had happened to him was so much bigger than himself that there was sheer relief in talking of it, however guardedly, to one who showed such quiet sympathy. He wondered that, not very long ago, he had resented Adeline's coming; even a house jealous of its privacy should be willing to harbor a good angel.

"I am so glad," she said softly, her face turned to the fireglow. "You—you will be happy, Cicely and you. And there's nothing to come between you."

Roger said nothing. He was laughing at himself. This child, in her simplicity, did not guess what came between Cicely and himself—a reticence he did not wish to conquer, a dread lest the spoken word should rob him of his kingdom. Love had taught him modesty and self-doubt, confidence and an upright carriage—the twenty baffling things that face a man who cares once, and once for all.

Mrs. Holt came in, glanced sharply at the two of them. "Your father is asking for you, Roger," she said quietly. "He is not very well to-day."

Roger went up to the big, windy bed-chamber, with its mullioned windows that, deep-set as they were, could not keep out the winter. The Squire was riddled from head to foot with gout, and his temper was raving indoors as fiercely as the wind outside. He vented it on Roger, till the pain was eased a little; and then he grew contrite as a child.

"It's good to have you near me, lad. All day I've been living with my gout and my naked sins. Roger, I haven't done very well in life—it doesn't become me, as old Susan would say, to go letting my temper make a scapegoat of you."

"Father, I'll not listen. You—you've taught me all I know of life——"

"Ah, but you're young to the game. You've only little mischiefs in the blood to account for—my sins, lad, are saplings grown into biggish trees by now. You cannot understand just yet. I tell you, I've spent a day with my gout and my past sins."

"Shift them to my shoulders, then. Let me take them, Sir. I'm strong and fit, and you——"

"Am laid among the broken crockery? No, my lad—no, I tell you—not for a year or two. I've a year or two, God willing—and I'll be out of bed to-morrow, the Squire among you. There's Oldroyd—and the mills—and land going down the hill faster than you or I can hold it back."

The restraint of years was broken. Not until now had Roger sounded the bitterness, the long, corroding sorrow that had haunted his father. He had cursed the mills, to be sure, had growled at the new days often; but there had always been a laugh to follow, a return to the persistent optimism that took all troubles lightly.

They sat together in the half-light, while the wind roared and whistled at the casements; and Roger said not a word, but his father leaned all the more on his strength, because it was so silent and so helpful. And presently the Squire dozed, for the first time since yesterday.

Mrs. Holt came up a half-hour later, to find her husband sleeping peacefully, and revised her judgment that the age of miracles was past. Roger was sitting by the bedside, and he did not hear her step nor her quiet retreat. He was thinking far—a thriftier occupation than "seeing far"—and was reconstructing the harassed nights, the debt-ridden, courageous days that this father of his had gone through to keep Marsh House secure.

Roger sat on, with the wind and

his thoughts for company. If he had learned the way of making money, instead of the way to spend it with both hands—if he had not been easy-going, as all the moorside agreed—he might lift the burden from the shoulders of this man who slept so soundly because life had tired him out. As it was, he could turn his hand to nothing—nothing that would help "land" to go up the hill instead of down.

He went out presently, leaving the Squire to a sleep that had no dreams, and passed down the crooked stairway into the hall, where the lamplight shone on guns, and rods, and oaken panels, and out into the night. There was a three-quarter moon racing high among wind-driven clouds. There were showers of frozen sleet that stung his face. It was the weather he needed to hearten him; for the moor is kindly to the men she knows by heart.

He went up Barguest-lane, crossed by the broken stile that opened on to Droughty Pasture, and came at last to the watered hollow known as Eller Beck Mead. The place was a magnet to him nowadays whenever deep feeling would not let him rest; it was the last outpost of a defeated race, and the grim old feuds of the moorland, bred into the tissues of him, bade him cherish this last strip of ground as if it were his wife.

The wind ceased its raving for awhile, and the moon got up into a free space of sky, lighting the hollow with sudden vividness. Three yards away from him he saw Phineas Oldroyd, squat, built four-square and rough to meet the life he knew.

"Fancied yourself alone, eh?" chuckled Phineas. "Seems we had the same sort of thought, me and ye. I'm growing fond, as ye might say, o' this hollow. It willun't let me rest o' nights, for thinking o' the steam-power going to waste. Hark to yond stream—begow, she's singing! Power running to waste. Tinkle-tinkle—power running to waste—running—running to waste."

Roger understood the man a little better, because he had surprised him in a mood of sheer romance. There was sincerity in Oldroyd's voice. It was plain that the stream, to him, was not a pleasant haunt of primroses, and nesting water-birds, and trout that were wary of all but the most cunning flies well-cast. It was plain that water power was a creed to him, lighting his days with the forward gleam ahead; and power running to waste, day in, day out, was a tragedy, as if a man lived neighbor to a gold-mine and did not care to work it.

"We're both in love with the same plot of land, Oldroyd," said Roger.

"Ay, it seems so—there, or thereabout. I'll give any price in reason—and double it, because I've a fancy for the place. See now, it's a fool that looks a gift-horse in the mouth. The Holts are over-poor and over-idle to harness yond stream, and, anyway, they've no head for business. Come out o' your dreams o' yesterday, lad—I tell ye, yesterday, wi' its squires and flummeries, is done and overed with—and strike a man's bargain here and now."

"I will," said Roger sharply. "It's a fight between us for the Mead. That's a man's bargain, Oldroyd? Get it if you can—starve us out, or any way you please."

Oldroyd stayed on long after Roger had bidden him a curt good-night. The wind was searching, and clouds were packing up again across the moon's blurred face, but weather is of little moment to a man in love. And Oldroyd was in love—up to the neck, as he would have put it. He had coveted this plot of land when he thought he could buy it at a price; he

yearned for it, now that he was thwarted, with a passion that was curiously at variance with his hard scheme of life. There were other watered valleys on the moorside, good for mill-building; but none pleased him except this Naboth's vineyard known as Eller Beck Mead. He was in love, and beyond help of reason.

He laughed grimly as he roused himself at last and set off for home. "There's a lot o' fight i' yond lad o' Squire's," he muttered. "I reckon we're all of a breed up here, when all's said—scratch us, and ye find mill-stone-grit."

March went forward, with a sudden burst of warmth and sunshine that brought the snowdrops up and set brave cock-throstles trying a stave or two in readiness for the spring near at hand. Mrs. Holt was busy in her garden. Hard weather, and frosts as late as May, and all the contrariness of this moorland that had grown to be second nature to her had not daunted her fine courage. The spring, to her, began when the snowdrops showed their first touch of white; faith and a warm heart guided her, and she was basking in the sunshine of the forward hope months before her duller-witted neighbors had forgotten to grumble at the winter.

She needed to tend her garden, needed the ripe peace of soul that steals out from upturned soil. For it was clear to her that the Squire was nearing the end of a journey they had shared for seven-and-twenty years, they two; nothing could kill the heartache that was coming until she lay beside him in death, as she had done in life, but already she was schooling herself to meet the intervening time.

The Squire himself was much abroad these days, pretending that he was driving the last traces of his gout away by riding twice as far as was good for a man of his years. He busied himself with repairs of barns at outlying farms, with seeing that this farmer had new gates, and another had his house re-pointed where the rain was driven in by winter winds. On the strength of two slender legacies he did these things, till his tenantry said that the Squire had begun to think of their needs again, at long last. Had they known it, he had never ceased to think of them, and the shame of being penniless, when their needs were crying out to him, had aged him long before his time.

He said nothing of his ailments to his wife, though he, too, had no illusions as to the length of his tether. In a quiet way he was preparing for what had to come—was reckoning up the credit and debit side of his life's accounts. He had modesty, and a keen sense of humor, and knew himself no hero. Perhaps, as he went about his tenants' business, with sickness of body and a great misery at his heart, he was learning the humility that is knighthood, was building a bridge by which to cross from Here to There. At any rate, he was not hopeless, and from afar there sounded a trumpet-call, as if keen endeavor were waiting for him when he won through this troublesome affair of living with a gouty body. He was glad to see Roger come in to meals with his wind-tanned face and the look in his eyes that Cicely had planted there. So he had cared for Roger's mother, in the young, keen days; and he prayed—with a stifled oath whenever gout took him unawares—that his son would find the riper love that comes to a man for the wife who has worn herself out in bearing men-children and in tending household worries.

They were odd days at Marsh House. Debts had nested too long about the house to trouble them unduly; but there was a foreboding of

trouble soon to come, a knowledge and a fear that knit these three into a closer fellowship.

The Squire, one day in the first week of April, was finishing a long ride out, by way of Intake Heights, and home again by the stony bridle-track that crossed High Withens Moor. It was a quiet day, made up of rain and sunshine, with the smell of earth abroad; and, as dusk crept up to meet him from the heather, he wondered that any man should be asked to leave a world so fair. Perhaps, after all, he had a few years before him; perhaps he would be allowed to fight through other winters for the joy of tasting such clean spring air as this. And there was his wife—and Roger—and the faith that had taken him to kirk on many Sabbaths grew shadowy and weak. He was dying hard, as all his forbears had done. Inch by inch the Squire was defending the ground he knew and loved against the unknown land ahead; and there are worse faults than overweaning loyalty to the life that treats no man very well.

There was a strange kindliness about him nowadays, a gaiety that cloaked many wounds. Not a man or woman passed him on the upland roads but he stayed for greeting, asked how the world went with them, remembered the chance troubles that had come to them. In his heart was a passionate longing that these neighbors, known lang-syne, should be happier than himself.

To-night, as he neared home, the track was empty of all wayfarers until he came to the bend where the lights of Two Laws Farm shone out across the road. His horse shied at the patch of light, and after getting the brute in hand again the Squire saw a little figure of a woman standing at the lamp-lit window. She had turned at the sound of hoofs, and was looking into the gloom, rendered darker by contrast with the circle of light in which she stood.

"Why, Adeline?" said the Squire, getting out of saddle, "what are you doing here at this hour o' night?"

She pointed to the window, and he came and stood beside her, slipping the bridle through his arm. Within-doors there was a cosy fire of peats and wood that shone on the walls of the farm-kitchen—on the oak-settle by the hearth, polished by many generations of farmers' shoulders when they came home to their ease o' nights—on the mantel-shelf, crowded with china shepherds, china dogs, and tea-caddies. On the table in the middle of the room there was a litter of tea-cups, and the remnants of a meal not cleared away.

Neither the Squire nor Adeline noted any of these things. At the table stood a lusty farm-wench, making a man's effigy out of candle-ends that she had warmed at the fire. Her engrossment in the business was so fierce, so single-minded—undisturbed by the racket of hoofs outside—that she compelled attention. She fashioned the rough likeness of a man, then took a pin from her bodice and thrust it deep into the image, and they saw her lips moving as if in prayer of some sort, good or evil. Pin after pin was thrust in, till she could find no more; and then she took the effigy in her hand, and went up the narrow stairway.

"Times are not as much changed as I thought," said the Squire. "It does one good to see the old superstitions linger, Adeline. I thought them dead long ago—killed by steam."

"What does it mean, Mr. Holt? She seemed so fierce, and was so childish."

"My mother used to tell me of the practice. What does it mean? Why, just that the wench has a lover who's played her false; and, with every pin

she sticks into his image, she prays that thorns may grow about his feet. It's all heathenish, Adeline, and out of date; but bless me if I don't like the girl. She has put that image under her pillow—pins and all—and she'll sleep on curses later on. Steam hasn't killed superstition, after all."

There was a little quarrel between them when they took the road again. The Squire—in spite of what he had seen through the lamp-lit window—was resolute in his faith that all women were better than the best of men, and he would not ride home while Adeline went on foot. She pleaded that she was young and strong, while he was scarcely out of a sick-bed. So, to prove his strength, he lifted her to the saddle, held her with one hand, and with the other led the horse.

"You are kind—too kind," she said, in the low, pleasant voice that men liked, somehow.

"It's the only business left me in this world, child. What else?"

They were silent for a while, till the Squire looked up with quizzical rebuke. "You've not explained, Adeline, how you came to be here at dusk, three miles from home? The roads are not very safe these days, since the mills brought tramping weavers across from the Lancashire borders."

"I was tired and out of heart, and needed to get up into the hills. *You* taught me the lesson, Mr. Holt—you and Roger."

"Child, don't take your lessons from Roger—or from me. Bless me, we've gone up the hills often enough, he and I, but seem never to have found much wisdom there."

Adeline was sore at heart, and waspish; yet the grace of this man, the chivalry that would not be daunted by any of life's roughnesses, took all the evil humor from her for a time. He was so big, so kind, so astonishingly blind to all but the best in women. And she—with the knowledge she had of herself—was riding down to Marsh House, while the Squire hobbled painfully beside her and seemed to ask no better fortune. Undoubtedly he was out of date, Quixotic to a fault; but the dusk of that night-ride taught Adeline much that she would forget a half-hour after it was ended. It was her way to forget glimpses of the bigger issues, because they asked too much of the discipline she had never cared to learn.

As they neared home, the Squire laughed quietly. "Adeline," he said, "I was heathenish to like that farm-lass because she held to the old superstitions. Listen to an old man, child, and believe that she was doing harm—harm beyond her knowledge."

"But it was—was so silly, Mr. Holt. How could it hurt her lover, because she stuck pins into a lump of tallow?"

"The prayers went out. Prayers do. The wind takes them, and the seeds—why, they come up true to type, Adeline."

He lifted her from the saddle at the gate of Marsh. She could not see his face clearly in the increasing dusk, but his voice was deep and charitable.

"You must forgive me, child. My sight grows clear nowadays—strangely clear—but then it's absurd to preach to a bonnie lass who has all her life before her. Oh, that is granted. We Holts always were absurd."

Adeline, with her quick intuition, knew that his warning carried with it a strange weight and cogency. She knew, too, that she would yield to what was in her heart, in spite of any warning.

"Why are you so kind to me?" she asked rebelliously.

"Because you're little, and a woman—because I wronged your father once. He never told you of it? No, he would

not. He was too generous.—There, child, run in and tell Mrs. Holt to scold you for being out of doors so late."

That night Adeline could not sleep. She could only lie awake, and look at the moonlit window, and see there the picture of a strapping farm-lass who moulded an image out of tallow and stuck pins into it. Jealousy was bedmate to her, and sapped her strength, sapped the red, human blood that makes for sanity.

She lay awake, and could not get up and do the thing she had in mind, because the evil of it was so clear, and because the Squire had let her go on horseback while he limped beside her stirrup. But the next day brought Cicely down to Marsh House —Cicely, buoyant, transfigured, light of foot as an elf, as women can be once only in this life. Her father rode with her, and was insistent that Roger and the Squire should go with them on some journey to outlying lands of his where his men were draining a wet pasture.

Adeline watched them go out, the four of them secure in this life of the open that she could never share. She saw Cicely and Roger lag behind, while their elders rode ahead, intent on gossip of the weather and the crops to come; and toward dusk she ended a day of misery by yielding to the black mood that possessed her. She went about the house, treading softly like a cat, and gathered up stray candle-ends.

There was a fire burning in the hall. Mrs. Holt had gone into Marshcotes on some errand of mercy, and the house was quiet, save for the distant chatter from the kitchens. Adeline made her image of wax, instead of tallow, as befitted the dignity of the house; and it was a woman's likeness she moulded with her fingers; but at heart she was sister to the farm-wench she had watched through the lighted window of the Farm at Two Laws. One by one she drove her pins home, with needless vehemence; and that night she slept, but not as honest people sleep.

Away over the moor, at the farm beyond Kitling Ford, the dog known as Red Ratcliffe was keeping watch and ward about the widow he had guarded through the winter. The woman was dying—his dog's sense told him that—and he did his best to cheer her through the passing. He tried to talk to her, and succeeded better than he guessed; for she read the brute's brown, faithful eyes, and was content.

At dusk of an April day—Adeline was making her wax image at the moment, as it happened—the widow died; and for three days and nights Red Ratcliffe watched beside the body, till his howling brought a neighbor-man indoors.

When the burial was over, and the last of the little clump of mourners had left the windy graveyard on the hill, the dog lay beside the grave for the rest of that day and the night following. With the first of the dawn he got up, tasted the wet freshness of the breeze, shook himself, and stood irresolute. The mistress who had kicked and cossetted him by turns was gone from his ken, and there was none to guide him.

Still irresolute, he went over the kirkyard fence and roved up the pastures. Under a bield-wall crossing one big field a ewe was sheltering, with her twin lambs, from the nipping winds; and she bleated at Red Ratcliffe. It was his hour of weakness, and there was none to care for or to need him.

Away on Marshcotes Moor, April ripened, week by week, into such a May as sets men's hearts in tune with God. The miracle of winter's resur-

rection from the dead was all abroad. Faith sounded her bugle-note from every marshy hollow, gold with king-cups, from the hedgerows where the teeming green of hawthorn sheltered violet and primrose and the flower known as lords-and-ladies to the children. The high moors were glad of winter's child-birth pains, now that the thrifty undergrowth was showing under the ragged stems of last year's heather. The lark was in his place, half between earth and heaven, weaving a ladder of melody across the separating gulf. If men harbored doubts these days, or any fear of death it was not because their Maker willed it.

The beauty of it got into Roger's blood, and into Cicely's. They were like their first parents, wandering in a garden that was filled with flowers which only they could see. There were no onlookers, they thought. They were alone, in an enchanted land; and it was strangely good to be alive. The great adventure was before them, and they accepted it without asking what the next turn of the road would show them.

The wonder of this May-time grew into a foam of hawthorn-white about the land. Lambs cried day-long to the harassed mothers. From little holes in the trunks of big-limbed trees the tits brought out their young, full-fledged. Bees were honey-making every day, and droned their heavy way to bed o' nights. Farmers, whose outlook on the world was cautious, hazarded a guess "that there might be worse weather than this, like, and may be it promised an old-fashioned summer," and repented of their optimism the next moment. The cuckoo's note rang up the hills, clear and buoyant, a challenge to the world at large.

On one of these days Roger went up the moor, simply because the joy of life would not let him rest. There had been other springs as swift and eager, but he brought new joy to the seeing. Debts, and the trouble that lay always like a mist about Marsh House, were swept aside. He was a free man, seeking his right mate, and the world went very well. It went so well, indeed, that three miles from home, as he ran down the steep heather-bank into Wildersome Dene, he found Cicely sitting by the waterside. She turned at his step, and they looked at each other with quick welcome and surprise; all their meetings nowadays had a touch of wonder about them, as being too good for reasonable people to expect.

"Roger, it's a fine thing to be alive—just to be alive. All that weary time in Brussels I used to think of Wildersome Dene on a May day, with the brown pool here, and the trout and the little spiders that skate up and down the water. It used to clear all the shams away, like—like going to church, Roger."

"Still, there's your French accent—and your deportment—you are forgetting the deportment a little, I admit."

In great content they stood together, watching the mysteries that spring was weaving round about this watered hollow. Cicely was so happy, so heedless of yesterday and to-morrow that she was kin to the busy world about her. The rowan, slender of trunk and leaf—the brown, eager stream—the never-ceasing litanies of many birds—she understood them all, and the knowledge lent a beauty to a face that was at usual times no more than comely.

And suddenly the tumult of it all got into Roger's blood. She was above him and beyond, but he must put it to the test. He was so humble and so masterful, so beset by doubt and triumph, that only a true man and a true lover would have understood his mood. It was a fine wooing-mood, for

all that, if Jabe o' the Barns had not come blundering down Wildersome Dene.

"You've saved me a journey, Mister Roger," he said, checking his stride. "I war stepping down to Marsh about yond ferrets ye wanted, and I've got the lile pair of them i' my pocket. There'll be good rabbiting, just by and by; the young 'uns are fair swarming."

Roger, keenly resentful for a moment, could not quarrel with a friend so old and childlike as Jabe. He examined the ferrets, and Cicely began to tease this weather-beaten rogue who carried with him such a ripe mixture of many odors. And, when Jabe had gone his way to the heather again, their moment had passed, once for all. Roger, after saying good-bye to Cicely at her gate, swung down to Marsh. There was to-morrow—and many morrows—and it was good to be in this enchanted country where all the trees were bigger, all the leaves greener and more vivid, than in the days before he found the sight. He did not know that they had lost their moment—boy and girl plighting their keen, young troth with the fever of the leafing May to give them benison. Better or worse might happen to them, but they would not see life again with the same vision.

He came down to Marsh House, near dusk, and here again all was in keeping with his mood. Up in the big sycamores the rooks were cawing their song of ancient peace, and no bird of them all—birds with cleaner reputations and sweeter voices—can sing to a man as rooks do, when their song has cradled him and grown into the fibre of his ripening strength. The garden, too, was fresh and orderly, and at the end of the path, where the lavender bushes grew, Mrs. Holt—who had mothered the half-acre into shape—was standing, pinching a blade now and then to smell the fragrance of it. Her clothes were weatherstained as any market woman's, and Roger knew that she was in what she named her gardening mood.

"There's nothing wrong with the world, mother," he said, slipping his arm through hers.

"Nothing at all, my dear. The world is very well, if folk would only let it be. Roger, I'm so happy. Your father came in from the fields yesterday—from felling a tree, or roofing a barn, or something—and he had the old keen look in his eyes. And, Roger—of course I'm growing old and rather foolish—he—he called me sweetheart, as if gout had not long since driven the word out of mind."

This comradeship of mother and son, that could speak when the heart was full, was a good thing to see. It had thrived on adversity—like the pleasant garden-space that Mrs. Holt had tended, for her peace of soul, through many bygone sorrows. They said so little and so much, the two of them; but the slumber-song of the rooks, the tinkle of the stream below, the scent of lavender and gilly-flowers in the moist evening air, set all their thoughts to music. There could be nothing amiss with a world which held such hours as this.

There was a sudden patter of feet behind them, and they turned to see Susan, the old housekeeper, scurrying down the path with the gait of a mother hen who has lost her chicks.

"Oh, ma'am, if only I'd thought to shut the gate o' the low paddock—but, there, I'm named Susan After-Wit, and allus shall be. I never can alter myself, somehow."

Susan, too, was part of the evening peace, though she was breathless and perturbed. They had known her so long that even her absurdities were likeable.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Holt. "It

is too late for 'if only,' Susan."

"It is, ma'am. In a manner o' speaking, it allus is too late with me. I was cradled that way. It's the gift the fairies blessed me with."

"You left the gate open? And of course something came through. You've the gift, Susan, as you say."

"Please, it was the bull-calf. I hadn't turned my back for five minutes, and when I came back he was feeding on your pansy-bed, gentle as a Christian. He'd eaten the lot, he had—but I druv him back and shut yond gate agen him."

Mrs. Holt had a temper sharp and eager, clean as a sword-blade. She remembered the months of patient tending she had given to that pansy-bed, and for a moment humor failed her. Then the slow smile returned, with hardship. "It doesn't matter, Susan. I shall just get other pansies, and re-plant the bed."

"Ah, now, you were ever one to take things easy, ma'am. The Squire, now, if I'd have done half as much to him, he'd have lifted the hair fro' my head, he would—what little there's left, and it's grown varry gray i' service to the house."

Roger laughed. This was the Susan he had known—ready to leave all gates open, and deft in throwing the guilt on to other people's shoulders. "You made a worse bungle once, Susan. Do you remember the day Red Ratcliffe came and wheedled you into giving him a meal, when you should have shut him in a kennel until a gun was brought?"

"I mind. Poor lamb, his eyes were that pleading-like, my heart went pitter-patter. I was allus kind to dumb things myself. By that token, sir, I've been glad ever since that I happened to be civil to him. They do say he was no mortal dog at all, but just Barguest back again at his old pranks. And what should I do, meeting him in a dark lane, if I hadn't been his friend?"

It was not Mrs. Holt's temper, but her heart, that failed her now. "Oh, for God's sake, don't talk of Barguest. I—I was happy until you came, Susan. It is not good to speak of Barguest to us Holts."

"Ah, there," said Susan, placidly, as she turned away, "my wits run after me, instead of afore. A body cannot help a body's nature, ma'am. I was born to shut gates the next day after."

"We were foolish, you and I," said Mrs. Holt, by-and-by. "The peace of it all, before Susan came—as if peace waited on this side of the Gate. Roger, we're asking too much of this life, we two."

Roger, with youth's vehemence, saw Cicely in the wooded glen, high up the moors. This life was enough for him, step by step, if the lass with a face like April's shared the journey with him. "Mother," he said lightly, "there's steam, and din, and smoke, down yonder in the village. Ghosts—even ghosts as old as ours—are living higher up the moors. You needn't go fearing Barguest."

"My dear, I've borrowed all your superstitions, through living with them. And then—your father called me sweetheart, as if he were going on a journey. Men are seldom tender with their women until they're going on a journey."

They paced up and down the garden together, letting the evening peace steal in on them again. Susan and her talk of Barguest were forgotten.

"When shall I hear the news, Roger?" asked Mrs. Holt, glancing up at him. "It has been in my mind since Cicely and you were children."

But Roger only laughed. He could not talk of Cicely just now. "She's only a bairn, mother, just home from school. Jabe o' the Barns is teaching

her to forget all she learned in Brussels. We met him up the moors today. Cicely teased him in good French; and Jabe had the last word, as he always has. 'It's time ye came back from heathen countries,' he said. 'I never heard such Godless language —not since I war breaked.'"

They were dawdling through the garden, content with talk of the countryside, with the slumber-song of the stream and the gloaming's magic. They did not think of superstition, were in no mood to welcome it; but into the pearl-gray light—from under Roger's feet, it seemed—a shaggy brute, with a big, rough-coated head, ran down before them. At first Roger thought it was a neighbor's sheep-cur, but a second glance showed him a dog bigger in length and girth, of no breed known about the moors.

"See, Roger! He's floundering through a bed I planted only yesterday," said Mrs. Holt, touching him sharply on the arm. "I've no luck with flowers these days."

Roger went hot-foot after the brown beast, saw him take the wall at a stride, and disappear across the stream into the haze beyond. He returned to see what damage he had done to the flower-bed; but nowhere was there a sign that feet had passed that way. Then he understood; and he went and put an arm about his mother, to protect her from the coming trouble.

They heard the wicket-gate clash that opened from the stream, and the Squire came up the sloping lawn. His face was tired, but his step was buoyant, as if life went very well with him at last. He talked of the farm he had seen made weather-tight to-day, of the keeper who had told him that the grouse were doing well. It was not till Roger had gone indoors that he spoke of what he knew.

"It's good-bye, wife. I met Barguest up the fields just now."

And he was very tender with her; for she was right when she said that men find the way of loving when they are faring out on a journey.

The Times.

(To be continued.)

STAMP-COLLECTING IN THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.

The enhanced popularity enjoyed by the science and hobby of philately in recent years is attributable in no small degree to the august patronage of His Majesty King George the Fifth, whose philatelic proclivities are widely known. Since his accession stamp-collecting has become the favorite and most fashionable collecting pursuit, and numbers of prominent personages in Court and society circles have been led to take up the hobby in emulation of the royal example. Considerable prominence has been given, as a result, to philatelic matters by the public press, and the first years of the new reign have witnessed a veritable philatelic revival not only in Britain but throughout the civilized world. Never in the annals of the hobby has philately been so high in the public favor, and even the ever-sceptical "man in the street" is rapidly coming to believe that "there may be something in stamp-collecting" after all.

Stamp-collecting has always been held in considerable esteem by the members of the British royal family, and when it is remembered that the postage-stamp is a product of the Victorian era, the late Queen Victoria being intimately associated both with the introduction of penny postage and the issue of the first post-

age-stamp bearing her own queenly likeness, the deep personal interest taken by herself and her descendants in matters postal and philatelic is not difficult to comprehend.

Although in no way a philatelist in the present-day sense of the word, Queen Victoria may be said to have been the first royal stamp-collector, for it is recorded that early in her reign she made a collection of the franks of the Peers and Members of Parliament composing her first Parliament, in procuring which she had the assistance of the Hon. Colonel Murray, Sir Charles Phipps, and the ladies of her Court.

It was in 1864 that several members of the royal family commenced to interest themselves in stamp-collecting, and application was made to the Inland Revenue authorities for a complete series of the various issues of the British postage-stamps for the royal collections. Of the earliest issue, the original one penny black of 1840, there were, however, none available, and in order to comply with this demand a special supply was printed off in black from the existing plates of the then current one penny red. Not only the plate but also the paper on which these stamps were printed was different from that employed for the original, having a water-mark composed of a large instead of a small crown; and a further peculiarity of this special printing lies in the fact that the water-mark was invariably inverted. A total of only nine hundred and sixty copies of this royal reprint of the one penny black was printed, comprising four sheets of two hundred and forty, which we believe to have been distributed amongst the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward the Seventh), the Duke of Connaught, Princess Clementine of Belgium, and the Emperor of Germany. Specimens of this royal reprint are much prized by collectors.

The first British royalty to take any really prominent part in philatelic matters, however, was His Royal Highness the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, better known perhaps as the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria and uncle of King George the Fifth. His collection was a general one, embracing the stamp-issuing countries of the world, and was commenced many years prior to His Royal Highness becoming associated with the work of the Philatelic Society, London. His Royal Highness took an active interest in the first London Stamp Exhibition organized by the Philatelic Society to mark the jubilee of penny postage, in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, from 19th to 26th May 1890. The exhibition was opened by the Duke of Edinburgh, who was himself an exhibitor of a number of countries. Speaking at a luncheon which followed the opening ceremony, he made the first public announcement of the interest taken in the hobby by the present King. He said, "To-day Prince George of Wales starts—nay, probably has started—from Chatham in the *Thrush*, to the command of which he has been appointed. I am sure you will join me in wishing him a prosperous and pleasant cruise. He is also a stamp-collector, and I hope he will return with a goodly number of additions from North America and the West Indies. I am a collector too, and I have been only too glad to contribute specimens to this fine exhibition."

The Duke of Edinburgh was also amongst the exhibitors at the Jubilee Philatelic Exhibition held at the Royal Institution of Painters in Water-Colors in Piccadilly, in 1897, which was open from 22nd July to 5th August. On this occasion His Royal Highness displayed only a limited number of rare stamps in a special class.

On 19th December 1890 the Duke of Edinburgh became honorary president of the Philatelic Society, London, an office in which he continued until his lamented demise in 1901. He was associated with the late Earl of Kingston, another distinguished British philatelist, who was elected president of the society on 20th May 1892.

The Duke was pardonably proud of his collection, and in this connection an amusing anecdote is related. One day His Royal Highness was showing his albums to an American lady, who was so much impressed with the beauty and extent of the collection that she finally exclaimed, "Why, this rushes creation; it's a regular stampede!" an impromptu which caused the owner of the collection no little amusement.

His Majesty King George the Fifth, the most prominent of a line of royal philatelists, early evinced a propensity for stamp-collecting, and his philatelic activities, which are reputed to have been commenced in his midshipman days on board the old *Bacchante*, were continued for some years under the able tutelage of his uncle, the late Duke of Edinburgh. During his cruises on the *Bacchante* in 1879-81, and again during his actual service on the West Indian and American station between the years 1883-88, the young Prince had numerous opportunities of adding to his collections, as a result of which the West Indian colonies are amongst the most representative of his philatelic treasures.

Not until the early part of 1890 did Prince George's interest in stamp-collecting become publicly known, as already stated, through an announcement made by the Duke of Edinburgh.

Three years later His Royal Highness entered upon his active association with British philately, lasting until his accession to the throne. In March 1893 an intimation was received by the executive of the Philatelic Society, London, that the then Duke of York was desirous of being admitted to the membership of the society, in accordance with which His Royal Highness was duly elected an honorary vice-president of the society. This office he continued to hold until May 1896, when, on the death of the Earl of Kingston, he succeeded to the presidency. As Duke of York, and afterwards as Prince of Wales, he presided over the destinies of the premier philatelic society of the world until, on the demise of the late King Edward the Seventh, he was reluctantly compelled by reason of his high office to resign his official connection with the society, of which, however, by his own desire, he remains the patron. It was largely due to His Majesty's influence that permission was accorded the Philatelic Society in 1907 to assume the title of the Royal Philatelic Society, London, allowing its members the privilege of appending the letters F.R.P.S.L. to their names. His successor in office was the late Earl of Crawford.

During his active connection with the premier philatelic society His Majesty was a frequent attendant at the monthly meetings held during the philatelic season from May to October, and on several occasions portions of the royal collection were exhibited before the members. The papers which he presented before the society were of an important and scientific character, notably that dealing with the British stamps of the last reign, which was widely circulated and constitutes a standard work. All bear evidence of keen study and research, and reveal the extensive philatelic knowledge of the writer.

In view of His Majesty's well-known Imperialistic tendencies, it is not surprising that the royal stamp

collection should be limited to the postal emissions of the British Empire, of which it is undoubtedly one of the finest extant. Although containing many unique and valuable items, however, its intrinsic value is by no means as great as is commonly reputed, and certainly does not reach the one hundred thousand pounds or so at which it is not infrequently placed. The most highly specialized sections are those devoted to the stamps of Great Britain, Mauritius, Hong-kong, British Guiana, and certain of the West Indian colonies. Amongst numerous desirable and interesting specimens in the King's Great Britain collection may be noted the artist's original pencil sketch of the celebrated Mulready envelope, and a pair of rough water-color sketches showing the general effect of the first "Queen's Heads," the penny black and twopence blue drawn by Sir Rowland Hill, and submitted by him to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for his approval. There is a magnificent array of stamps of all issues in imperforate condition cut from the *imprimatur* sheets submitted to the Board of Inland Revenue for registration, of which only a single sheet of each denomination exists. The collection of the British stamps of King Edward's reign is probably the most comprehensive extant, owing to King George's intimate association with the production of the series, as Prince of Wales, and includes the unimaginative essays submitted by Messrs. De La Rue & Co., showing commonplace portraits of the late King Edward in field-marshal's uniform, adapted to the frame designs of the Victorian issue; the original sketch of the approved design by Emil Fuchs, M.V.O. and R.B.A., and the various trial impressions with the corrected poise of the head, initialled by the late King, and finally with the modification of the oak and bay wreath as suggested by Queen Alexandra.

The unissued five pound stamp, the trial printing of the twopence halfpenny in mauve and blue paper, the experimental penny in the design of the Transvaal stamps, and the abortive twopence "Tyrian plum" withheld from issue on account of the death of King Edward, are all represented—the latter by an unused pair from the corner of a sheet, and the only used copy known, on a letter addressed to His Majesty (as Prince of Wales) and bearing the date of 5th May 1910. All the regular issues and their varieties are represented complete, and in addition the collection contains a unique display of the scarce official issues overprinted for use by various Government departments, and withdrawn in 1904. Prominent amongst the many rarities are the three one pound Queen's Head stamps overprinted "I. R. Official" in Mint unused condition, an unused pair and a single used copy of the scarce sixpence King's Head "I. R. Official," and both single copies and Mint pairs of the twopence halfpenny, one shilling, five shilling, ten shilling, and one pound of the same series. The "Board of Education" official stamps are shown complete, both used and unused. These are only a few of the many notable items in one of the finest collections in the world of the stamps of Great Britain.

Second in importance to the royal collections is that of the stamps of the island of Mauritius, containing both the penny and twopence of the famous "Post-Office" issue of 1847, the former used and the latter in unused condition. The twopence blue is the finest unused copy of this rarity known, and was purchased by auction at Puttick & Simpson's in 1904 for the record sum of one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds by an agent of the then Prince of Wales. The subsequent is-

sues are practically complete, the Post-Paid issue containing a magnificent unused block of five of the twopenny value, including the scarce error "*penoe*" for "*pence*" in the value inscription, purchased in 1910 for five hundred pounds, and a single unused copy of the same. A specialty has been made of stamps in blocks of four, which are much in evidence throughout the collection.

A secretary is employed to maintain the royal collections, the curator of which is Mr. J. A. Tilleard, M.V.O., hon. secretary of the Royal Philatelic Society, who has for many years been associated with the philatelic activities of his present Majesty. Most of the new specimens acquired for the collection are purchased on behalf of the King by a special agent, who is a familiar figure in the London stamp-market. Of recent years, however, many important additions to the royal collection have been obtained direct from a well-known West End stamp-dealer, who has a standing commission to secure philatelic rarities for "the first stamp-collector in Europe." Another leading firm of stamp-dealers are entrusted with the supply of all new issues of British colonial stamps to His Majesty.

Throughout his philatelic career His Majesty has been a frequent exhibitor at stamp exhibitions, and has gained a number of awards. The first occasion on which a portion of the royal collection was exhibited in public was at the London Philatelic Society's Exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, Piccadilly, in 1897. The exhibition was opened by the then Duke and Duchess of York, His Royal Highness showing a collection of Indian stamps. The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward the Seventh) was amongst the many distinguished visitors to this exhibition.

At the London Philatelic Exhibition of 1906 His Royal Highness the (then) Prince of Wales was an exhibitor in no fewer than four classes, gaining a bronze medal for his magnificent historical collection of the Edwardian stamps of Great Britain, a silver medal for his Mauritius collection, and a silver medal for Hong-kong. His Royal Highness also exhibited a unique set of Trinidad stamps especially overprinted to commemorate his visit to the island in 1891. The Prince of Wales paid a personal visit to the exhibition, and spent close on two hours examining the various philatelic treasures displayed, and visiting the dealers' stalls. In March 1908 the Barbados collection of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was exhibited at the Imperial Stamp Exhibition held under the auspices of the Junior Philatelic Society, at which the royal collector was again an interested visitor.

Since his accession His Majesty has twice exhibited at Philatelic Exhibitions: at Berne in 1910, where a fine collection of the stamps of Nevis was entered *hors concours;* and again at the Penny Postage Exhibition at Walthamstow, in February 1911, to which a few choice historical items from the King's Great Britain collection were loaned. It is understood, however, that in future His Majesty will not exhibit in public, except under the auspices of the Royal Philatelic Society.

Apart from the philatelic collections of his own making, His Majesty has on divers occasions been the recipient of handsome presents in the form of collections of stamps both from official and private sources. At the time of his marriage he was presented with a valuable selection of rare stamps by the members of the Philatelic Society, London, and the Canadian Government has twice presented him with albums containing complete series of commemorative postage-stamps issued in the Dominion—the first at the time of

Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, and the second when, in company with the Queen (then Princess of Wales), he attended the ceremonies in connection with the Tercentenary of Quebec in 1906.

During his empire tour as Duke of York in 1907 His Majesty received a number of philatelic gifts, including a complete collection of Australian stamps from the Commonwealth Government, and a small but choice collection of the rare Sydney Views Stamp of New South Wales from the Sydney Philatelic Club, of which the King is patron. At Malta, where a local philatelic exhibition had been organized in honor of the royal philatelist, His Royal Highness received a complete collection of the stamps of the colony from the Governor (Sir Francis Grenfell), and also accepted a superb collection from Baron Testaferrata Abela.

From the Maharajah of Kashmir came an extensive and unique collection of the curious stamps of that state contained in an elaborate album with silver mountings of native workmanship. On his subsequent visit to India at the time of the Coronation Durbar of 1911, the Maharajah of Nepal presented the King with a collection of the stamps of that country.

On more than one occasion His Majesty's expert philatelic knowledge has been put to a practical test, and in this connection King George can probably claim to be the only monarch who has personally designed a postage-stamp. The stamp in question is the 1903 type of Canada, admittedly the most artistic postage-stamp issued during the last reign, which was designed by the then Prince of Wales in conjunction with Mr. Tilleard. At the time of King Edward's Coronation in 1902 the Canadian Postmaster-General took the opportunity afforded by a visit to London to consult with the Prince of Wales as to a new series of postage-stamps to be issued in the Dominion. His Royal Highness not only placed his philatelic experience at the disposal of the Canadian authorities, but undertook to provide an appropriate design and supervise the preparation of a master-die in England. In order to preserve the continuity of the Canadian stamp designs, it was decided to retain the general features of the frame design of the 1898 Queen's Head issue, to which was adapted a striking portrait of King Edward the Seventh in robes of state from a coronation photograph. Two minute Tudor crowns were substituted for the maple-leaves in the upper spandrels, whilst the value tablets in the lower corners had small maple-leaves disposed about them. The stamp in its pristine state was of considerable beauty and simplicity, and it is to be regretted that the contractors should have seen fit to mar the delicate finish of Messrs. Perkins, Bacon, and Company's die by cutting unnecessary lines in the background and altering the value tablets.

The Prince of Wales has proved a worthy son of a philatelic father, and early displayed a similar love of stamps. Little is known of the extent or scope of his collections, however, save that, unlike those of his royal father, they are not confined to the stamps of the British Empire, although His Royal Highness is credited with a strong penchant for the stamps of his namesake colony—Prince Edward Island. When only twelve years of age the young Prince was the first entrant at the London Philatelic Exhibition of 1906, his exhibits comprising specialized collections of the French colonies and Liberia, the latter being practically complete from the first perforated issue, most of the stamps being in pairs, and all in superb condition. Both exhibits were marked "not

for competition." In company with his father and Prince Albert, Prince Edward of Wales was an interested visitor at this and also the Imperial Stamp Exhibition of 1908, winning golden opinions for the amount of philatelic knowledge he displayed. His Royal Highness's philatelic activities have been continued of recent years, and when in London the Prince is often to be seen in the establishments of the leading stamp-dealers.

Prince Albert shares his brother's philatelic proclivities, as do some of the younger members of the royal family. As Duchess of York, Queen Mary was credited with the ownership of a modest stamp collection, in which she took a keen interest. Princess Margaret of Connaught shares with her husband, the Crown Prince of Sweden, an enthusiastic interest in philately, amongst her wedding presents being a complete collection of the stamps of France from the French Government. Queen Maud of Norway is also a stamp-collector.

The love of stamps is, therefore, hereditary in the British royal family, whose stamp-collecting members doubtless echo the sentiments of King George himself, who has said of stamp-collecting, "It is one of the greatest pleasures of my life."

Chambers's Journal. *D. B. Armstrong.*

THE PASSING OF THE INDO-CHINESE OPIUM TRADE.

Rightly or wrongly, the entire civilized world thinks that the educated Indians have not taken a strong stand in regard to the Indo-Chinese opium traffic, and condemns them for neglecting to support a moral cause which, it believes, ought to have enlisted their sympathy. I do not propose to sit in judgment over my countrymen or to attempt to controvert this charge. But in view of the dramatic developments that recently have taken place culminating in the decision of the British-Indian authorities to sell no more opium to the lone Asiatic Republic unless it flagrantly relaxes its present policy of stamping out the production and consumption of the narcotic in its dominions, I may outline the details of the efforts that China has been making during the last decade or so to free its people from the curse of the poppy, and which has led the British-Indian Government to end the Indo-Chinese opium traffic, for such a review may inspire us to make a supreme effort to remove some of the abuses which infest our society.

The defeat which China suffered at the hands of the great powers of the world in the early years of this century led it to realize its inherent weakness, and made it anxious to regenerate itself by throwing off its conservatism and removing its social evils, most prominent amongst them being the national indulgence in opium. Across the narrow sea their neighbor Japan, who centuries before had learned wisdom from them and whom they had always regarded as their inferior, had risen until it had become a Power amongst Powers. One essential reform that had helped the Daybreak Empire to rise had been the crushing of the power of the poppy. Every year after the Boxer uprising, China's desire to suppress the habit grew in intensity, until it found expressions, in 1906, in the famous edict of the Dowager Empress Tsu Hsi, ordering that the cultivation of the poppy and the sale and consumption of opium should be suppressed in China so that by 1916 it would altogether cease to exist.

About a year after this edict was issued, the Government of Dowager-Empress used its diplomacy to persuade the British to sign a Convention at Chefoo whereby the Indian Administration agreed to relax its treaty rights relating to the exportation of opium to the Flowery Kingdom, and decrease the exportation of the narcotic by one-tenth each year so that the foreign trade would be extinguished by 1917, almost simultaneously with the expected annihilation of the home production. A clause was especially inserted in the Agreement empowering Great Britain to ask China if her curtailment of production had kept pace with the British Indian reduction of export opium; and the future arrangements of the Indian Government were to be dependent upon that reply. When, according to this treaty, the time came when its terms could be revised, the British-Indian Government found it advisable to make another Agreement, which was signed on May 8th, 1911, the provisions of which, according to the Hon'ble Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, were:—

"(*a*) What was conceded on our side was this: We were to restrict our China exports in 1911 to 30,600 chests, with a progressive reduction thereafter of 5,100 chests a year. But if China can completely eradicate the cultivation of the poppy before 1917, we are to shut down our exports at the same time. In the interval, as each province stops its production and import of native opium, the admission of Indian opium into that province is to cease; the ports of Shanghai and Canton, however, being the last to be closed. Finally, we agreed to a consolidated import duty of Rs. 689 (about £46) a chest, being a very large increase on the old duties and a welcome addition to the Chinese revenues.

(*b*) The concessions which China made on her side were these: An excise tax equivalent to the import duty was to be imposed on native opium. All other taxation and all restrictions (such as those at Canton) on the wholesale trade in our opium were to be withdrawn. Facilities were to be given to our officers to investigate the facts of cultivation, taxation and trade restriction in the interior.

(*c*) In a supplement to the Agreement it was settled that though the other Treaty Ports would be closed to it at once, Indian opium not specially certified for China might be admitted into Shanghai and Canton for two months after the date of the Agreement. All opium thus admitted, however, as well as all opium bonded in the Treaty Ports and in stock at Hong Kong for China on the date of the Agreement, would be listed, except so far as it was covered by special certificates from us, and the number of chests thus listed would be taken in reduction of our regular exports during the three years 1912 to 1914. The list, which was not completed later, showed that the necessary reduction will be 3,820 chests in each of the three years."[1]

Soon after this Convention was signed, the Revolution overturned the Manchu monarchy, and the Republic was established in its place. This somewhat hampered the Chinese authorities in carrying out their part of the opium bargain. In the chaos that followed, a great deal of opium was smuggled in, while some of the land that had been reclaimed from the poppy, was again devoted to its cultivation. But as the newly formed Republic gathered its forces together, it sought to put down this retrogressive movement. The weakness of the Central Government to enforce its will in this matter really did not make much difference, for the cause was dear to the hearts of the provincial and civic authorities who were eager to carry on the crusade against the opium habit,

[1] From speech delivered by the Hon'ble Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson in introducing the Budget for 1912-13 in the Imperial Legislative Council.

irrespective of what the Federal Administration did or ordered. The movement, therefor, survived, and each succeeding day saw it gain fresh momentum. During recent months the reformers have not hesitated to visit the extremest punishment on those who wilfully disobeyed the edicts, and have destroyed their property by fire and pillage. In some cases capital punishment has been meted out wholesale to flagrant offenders. Comments on such excesses are obviously superfluous. But to say the least, they demonstrate an earnestness to reform a social evil which has rarely before been shown by any community anywhere in the world.

While China was thus trying to suppress the cultivation of the poppy and indulgence in the opium habit at home, it quietly assumed the policy of preventing the entry of Indian opium into its market. It did not announce its decision through the newspapers, or with a loud flourish of trumpets. Its officials just quietly and unaggressively but absolutely firmly did everything in their power to hinder the foreign merchants who desired to exploit the Chinese weakness for the drug. How effectively they did this can be realized from the fact that towards the close of last year, fully 30,000 chests containing Indian opium valued at Rs150,000,000, had accumulated in the Chinese Treaty Ports. This congestion increased still further in later months, until it is estimated to have become considerably larger, though just what figure it finally reached is not definitely known.

As can be imagined, those who owned these accumulated stocks of opium and those who had advanced money on them loudly and bitterly complained against the Chinese for thwarting their efforts to unload the poison upon the markets of the provinces where the poppy was still grown. They insistently demanded that the British diplomats should bring pressure to bear upon the Republican Government to make it remove the ban against their stocks, freely ventilated their wrath when the protests of the British Ambassador at Peking failed to compel the Celestials to swallow the narcotic, and called upon the Government that had sold them the stuff, to take recourse to stern measures to insure its consumption in China. The case of the opium owners enlisted the sympathy and support of a large section of the British press, which gave prominent insertion to articles attempting to prove that the Chinese crusade against the vice had lost its vitality with the passing of the Manchu regime; that as soon as the revolution set in the native farmers who had ceased cultivating the poppy once, again began raising the crop; that the Republican Government was positively incapable of checking the reversion to the old conditions; that the Celestials were only attempting to thwart the British and Indian merchants trading in Indian opium in order that they might have the rich field for their own selfish exploitation; and declaring that if the British Government did not protect the people who had invested their capital under the assurance of treaties, they would be ruined, and a financial panic would convulse the Far East. These wails were not lost upon either the authorities in India or in London and to the credit of the British Minister at Peking it must be said that he used all his influence with the Celestials to try to persuade them to act up to the terms of the last convention and cease their opposition.

The Chinese heard these complaints and listened to the protests of diplomats with "the smile that was childlike and bland" and kept up their silent but effective obstruction to pre-

vent Indian opium from finding its way into the Chinese markets. This was a marvellous achievement in itself, in view of the fact that the Flowery Republic had just passed through the throes of revolution, and the new regime stood in dire need of the moral support of the whole world, and had to rely upon the aid of the Western financiers to replenish its treasury. Indeed, there never had been a time in the history of China's intercourse with the Occident when the Celestials had been less prepared to brave the wrath of the powers that decree the financial fate of nations, or to circumvent the manœuvering of diplomacy, ruthlessly employed at the instance of commerce, than it was at the time when it was resisting the carrying out of the provisions of the opium conventions. But it withstood diplomatic and financial bullying without giving way, shut its eyes to the beclouded horizon and ignoring all threats, whether outspoken or merely implied, saying nothing, but all the time seeing to it that the Indian opium was kept out of its market, preserving a calm, dignified attitude through all the stress and storm of the controversy.

China undoubtedly would not have dared to take this bold stand had it not realized that, with the moral conscience of Great Britain awakened, the fuming and fretting of the financial powers would not be able to precipitate another "opium war." No matter how much the drug-owners might clamor, no matter how much diplomatic pressure might be exerted, no matter how long the recognition of the newly formed Republican Government might be withheld, no matter how many stumbling blocks might be placed in the path of the loan negotiations, no matter under what cloak the opium traffickers might seek to hide their real motives, no open conflict could take place in this day and age based on such an excuse. However, the moral support of the British nation, by itself, would not have availed China in its endeavors to keep the British and Indian traders from unloading their opium stocks upon its market had it not been making an honest effort to suppress the production, sale, and consumption of the drug at home.

Be this as it may, the cool, firm attitude of the Chinese Government threw the British-Indian Administration into a ludicrous position. It had derived huge profits from the opium which was lying in the warehouses of the Chinese Treaty Ports paying interest that was fast compounding. The opium revenue had been especially heavy in recent years for, owing to the curtailment of the supply of the Indian drug by the operation of the Conventions, in conjunction with the restriction of poppy growing in China, there had been a phenomenal rise in the price of the "black poison of the East." According to official statistics, the average sum obtained for a chest of opium in 1908-09 was £92. It jumped to £107 in 1909-10, and further advanced to £195 in 1910-11, reaching the high-water-mark of £400 per chest at the auction sales held during October, 1911. It is thus apparent that the immediate effect of the Conventions of 1907 and 1911 was to enable the Government of India to realize much more revenue from this source than usual. Indeed, it derived £2,723,000 more than it had calculated upon from opium in 1910-11, and in 1912 realized £1,757,000 in addition to the £3,500,000 which it had expected to get from the sale of the drug. These "windfalls," as India's Finance Minister characterized them, enabled the Government of India to apportion large sums for education and sanitation not allowed for in the

budgets of 1910-11 and 1911-12. But while the British-Indian Administration was reaping the benefit of these "windfalls," trouble was brewing for it in the Chinese Treaty Ports by the undue accumulation of Indian opium, owing to the obstructionist policy of the Chinese authorities. On the one hand the Administration could not let the stocks remain unsold and pay no attention to the complaints of their owners. But on the other hand, as the *Times* (London) rightly observed: "We are unable to force Indian opium upon China, even in pursuance of our treaty rights. The public conscience of this country would forbid vigorous action, and rightly forbid it."[1]

Nothing was, therefore, left for the British-Indian Government to do but to suspend the future sales of opium and to boldly declare that it would no longer force the noxious narcotic on the Chinese. This is what it did when, on 7th May, the Hon'ble Mr. E. S. Montagu, Under-Secretary of State for India, speaking in the House of Commons, announced that:

". . . . For the first time in the modern history of India we are selling not an ounce of poppy for the Indo-Chinese opium trade, notwithstanding the treaty which China made with us, notwithstanding that from the opium we were entitled to send China under the treaty, £11,000,000 sterling might be derived. Notwithstanding that we have a right to go on selling opium to any province in which the opium was still being grown, we are prepared to undertake to revise the treaty of 1906, and not send any more opium to China, not only this year, while the stocks are being absorbed, but never again, with the single exception that we desire to be satisfied that China, as we believe her to be, is steadfast in the pursuit of her present policy, and determined to get rid of the indigenous poppy."

In a word, China, with its weak and unstable Government, has been able to force the hand of the powerful British Administration, and though this is bound to cause some anxious thought to the Indian Finance Minister, and take away the profits of those who engaged in the trade, it is bound to conduce to the betterment of a populous nation which is making herculean efforts to rid itself of a social evil which has been sucking its vitality and restraining its progress.

Saint Nihal Singh.

The Hindustan Review.

[1] Editorial in the "Times" (London), January 28th, 1913.

THE OPEN DOOR.

For five weeks, Mark Collier had been a happily blinded Samson—unconscious of his infirmity. It was not until he stood in the chancel of the church, awaiting his bride, that his sight was suddenly returned to him, in a bewildering shaft of light.

The truth was appalling. He realized, with merciless clarity, that he did not love the woman he was about to make his wife, that the whole idea had been a ghastly mistake—that the mere thought of marriage with her was sacrilege of his finest instincts.

The shock of the discovery was like a physical blow. He caught his breath quickly, and closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again, everything seemed to have undergone a subtle transformation.

He marked each detail of his surroundings, photographing every object on his sensitized brain, with the fidelity of a dying man, who yearns to carry with him, into the Unknown, some dim remembrance of the dear

and familiar. He noticed the smudge of footmarks on the red carpet, the cloud of floating motes, the slight powder of dust on the palms, that formed part of the stereotyped decorations.

The light that streamed in through the stained-glass windows had dyed the faces of some of the congregation with patches of color. The nose of his future mother-in-law was stamped with a violet lozenge. The eldest daughter—a beauty of her year, who, faithful to the family traditions, had married a rich husband, displayed delicate cheeks barred after the fashion of an Indian squaw, with orange and vermilion streaks. The bald head of an august uncle was speckled with vivid green splashes.

The change was merely the effect of a sudden ray of sunlight. Yet as Collier looked at them—the ghastly truth still paralyzing his senses—he shuddered involuntarily. The unnatural decoration of the faces of his future relatives united them with a tribal likeness, and flashed on his excited mind some suggestion of rites—savage, inchoate, alien to civilization.

The ray of sunshine died, blown out by the lips of the wind. The church again shrank back into neutral shadows. With the departure of the light, sensation left Collier. He remained dulled and quiescent, his turgid mind dimly conscious of some muffled misery. A narcotic-steeped hand was clasped on his brain.

He found himself trying to remember a dream. The night before his wedding-day he had been visited by one that had left him vaguely troubled and perplexed, like a King of old.

Ordinarily, he was obsessed by no nocturnal fancies; when he closed his eyes, he simply went out—like the flame of a candle.

He groped after the recollection. What was the unpleasant impression that had undermined the entrenchments of repose, thrown up quickly by Nature for the protection of his slumbering Ego?

Somewhere, at the back of his consciousness, a spark fused; all along the train laid to some remote brain-cell he could feel the faint crackling. At any second would come ignition.

It came. Then he remembered.

He had dreamed of the interior of a prison—a sunken mud-plastered hole, strengthened with ribs of stone. The sole ray of light that cut the darkness was thickly clogged with atoms of decomposition. By this dusty illumination, he saw the prisoner.

No definite terms could describe him. He was pure negation. His face was gray, as though covered with the deposit of the ashes of burnt-out passions. Yet one last fire flickered through the clogging layers, for in the prisoner's eyes glimmered a poignant memory of past freedom.

In his dream, Collier asked questions, which were answered by some shadowy companion.

"Has he been here long?"

"A lifetime."

"Does he never hope to be free?"

"Never."

It was then that he noticed a door at the back of the prison, which seemed to be outlined with a luminous blue pencil. It was the blessed outside daylight, cleaving the fissures.

"Look!" He stammered in his excitement. "The door! Surely it is open?"

The quiet voice answered.

"It has been open for years."

"But the prisoner? Does he not know?"

"He knows. But he has lost the will to step outside. That is the true servitude."

With a start, Collier realized that he

was no longer dreaming, but standing in the church, in full view of the scented, fashionably dressed throng. The organist was dreamily plucking at the keys of his instrument, shelling each note for the honey that lay at its core. *Salut d' Amour.* At any moment, the bride would appear.

Collier shot a hunted glance around him. In every direction it seemed that some smartly garbed form barred his way. A knowledge was growing upon him that was cramp of the soul. *He*—and he alone—was the prisoner.

He was the last to realize this truth, which was the common property of the world. Some men had given jocose warnings; some women had murmured cryptic utterances. Others had merely looked at him with eyes of pity and wonder. All recurred to him now—the spoken word and the unspoken sympathy.

His capture had been inevitable. For years, he had lived in solitudes so deep that he could hear the humming of the globe as it spun round on its axle; where the heavens, at night, were so perforated with constellations, that they almost seemed the canopy of day, pinpricked with stars of blackness. He had learned, through constant observation and companionship with the wild creatures of the woods, his relationship to the brute—and then the bar to affinity in the sure knowledge of his soul.

He had returned from the wilds—an elemental organism, stripped of any shell of worldly experience—to fall an instant victim to a pretty face, a sartorial instinct, and the spell of juxtaposition.

To a woman, marriage is generally a question of alternatives; to a man, in the main, it is a question of choice. Yet looking back, Collier could trace no signs of conscious volition on his part. There had never been one moment of genuine attraction—one step taken on his own initiative. He had merely followed a lure.

A lure. The word bore some similitude to her name. Laura. He pictured her as she would appear in a moment or so—in shimmering bridal array. The scent of orange-blossom filled his nostrils with its promise; and he saw its fulfilment in a barrow-load of unripened fruit under the flaring glare of naphtha lights. All thought of this marriage filled him with sick terror. He had been trapped. He was the prisoner.

A pang of overwhelming poignancy rent his whole being, to be swiftly followed by the nausea that rides hard at the heels of pain. He tried to clench his hands inside his tight gloves.

"I *cannot* marry this woman. I will not!"

The words, bursting from his heart, died on the threshold of his lips, in abortive silence.

A woman's face, feline in type, with the ghost of a smile in her light hazel eyes, smirked at him from the congregation. It was the last face to be distinctly impressed upon his vision. Dimly he became aware, when he shifted his eyes from hers, that a furtive smile slipped before his gaze, in fugitive manner, ever eluding him, and broken and flickering like the film of a cinema. The smart congregation had noticed his plight. It was amused by the visible mental disquiet of the bridegroom.

The knowledge stung him to anger. In these scented, simpering units, congregated to gloat over the struggles of the victim, he recognized some part of the social system that was collected to insure finality of his doom. Escape from some deserted City church—some registry-office might be barely possible. Not here. "Gathered together here in the sight of God"—the man who had known God in the

wilderness dared not follow the thought—"and in the face of this congregation."

He felt his sleeve plucked. His best man was speaking. Part of the flickering smile was concentrated on his grinning lips. "Buck up! She's overdue. The bolt will be shot now before you know where you are."

Collier nodded. The aridity of his throat forbade speech. The old stale attempt at humor that compares a bridegroom to a condemned criminal, on this occasion redeemed itself through its aptness. He felt the agonized pang of the soul born under the curse of Cain—the sense of futility of escape—the hopeless waiting for the final doom. At any moment—comparatively remote or perilously near, but alike in being inevitable—the solid globe would slip from under his feet—roll away like an orange, and leave him—Where?

His head swum in the grip of vertigo, as the memory of a past illness, when his life had been in danger, recurred to him. One day, to beguile his convalescence, the nurse had shown him his temperature-chart, with its black dots, connected by neatly ruled lines. As he scanned the series of mountain peaks and valleys, he noticed a gap, where the black line shot down, far below the level of the others. The nurse explained. "That was your relapse. You just sank as low as was humanly possible. Collapse. The least bit lower, and you'd have slipped through our fingers."

The thought gripped him. Had the dot been a hairbreadth lower where would he have fallen? He was assailed with the sudden giddiness of one who looks down into space, at the mere sight of two inches of blank paper at the bottom of the chart.

Where? He was still asking himself the question, when he heard a rustle at the church door—caught some glimpse of shimmering white. He could not see plainly. He seemed to be standing on a thin crust over nothingness. Was it Laura? The tension was growing unbearable—akin to mental and spiritual vivisection. At any moment the end might come.

"The bridesmaids!"

In the best man's husky whisper came the tidings of momentary reprieve. Collier felt his brow break into beads of moisture. As he put up his hand to wipe them away, he was conscious that some one was watching him with scornful amusement.

The discovery led to another. A sinister change had taken place within the building. The faces of the congregation had run into each other, until they blended into one gigantic face—painted, coiffured, hatted. It was the face of the fashionable crowd, and on its colossal lips the fugitive smile had settled, like some homing bird of prey.

The transformation appalled him. He had lost the touch of humanity. He felt himself alone—fettered—the victim of some sacrificial rite. A prisoner with no hope of escape—the prisoner of whom he had dreamed.

It was in this second of blank despair, that the incredible thing happened. He found himself staring at it, in incredulous surprise.

Before him, was the open door.

It was set in the wall, not ten paces away. Evidently not often used as a means of egress, for the large-leaved ivy that clustered round it was cobwebbed and compressed. And through it, he saw a stormy blue sky, rocking under the impact of tumultuous clouds. The wind slammed them together, as it tore through space, in a mad orgy of freedom.

Collier inflated his lungs, as a man who had been long submerged. He rose from the depths. Here was the

way of escape. Even now it was not too late!

In imagination, he made the trial flight, his heart beating like a pioneer aeronaut relying on the power of untested apparatus. His course was simplicity itself. A few swift paces would bring him to the door. He had but to pass the portals, to find himself in the tiny paved yard—and then . . .

Then into the thick of the traffic surging round the church—into the heart of the struggling mass of that humanity that he had lost in the sacred building—that offered a human warren to the human quarry. The crowd would swallow him up, would shield him and hide him.

His thoughts winged swifter. The first vehicle would whirl him into the current of traffic—like a stray leaf sucked into the maelstrom. He seemed to see a mighty roaring river raging along in the grooved channel of the roadway, and fed on every side by trickling streamlets. Taxis were transmuted from mere petrol-fed mechanisms, suggestive of industrial unrest, to symbols of the magic of motion. First came the spin to the railway station—then the mighty engine dashing to the quay, where the impatient ocean licked its stones. Last of all, the steamer ploughing her way through the foaming billows, tearing out the heart of each emerald wave—her nose pointed towards far horizons Outside! The whole world lay outside. It opened its mighty arms to him. It spoke of width, of depth, of breadth. It showed him its secrets—hamlets and valleys tucked away in its mighty heart—where a hunted man could hide for ever. It shouted to him to break free—to be free!

Three minutes passed. Collier realized that he was still standing in his place, his heels clamped to the red carpet. He stared at his feet, encased in their tight boots, as though they were objects for curiosity or wonder. Shapeless, unwieldy lumps of leather! Would they never move?

It is so simple—the parallel of bathing in Jordan in preference to a pilgrimage to mighty rivers. Only a few steps—no feat of difficulty—merely the action of a moment. He would count. One. Two. Three. There was the magical number that should find him outside the door.

He moistened his lips. One. He felt himself panting under the strain of some mighty effort—the tugging at interlaced roots, at deeply buried fibres. Two. The shock of sudden upheaval—a mad rush through space—an ecstasy. Three . . .

He gazed about him stupidly. He was still standing in his place. He had not moved an inch.

His chin sank lower, at the knowledge of his failure. His will was atrophied. His limbs, like paralyzed members, awaited the spur of mental volition. He was a prisoner.

Confronting him, were two truths. Or rather, both appeared truths. Yet, since one was the converse of the other, one of the two must be falsehood, masquerading as one of the eternal verities.

He faced them squarely. The truth that it was *never* too late to withdraw, even at the eleventh hour. The truth that it *was* too late, for this reason.

No man had done it before.

He realized that a life-sentence of imprisonment was compressed into that creed of negation. No man had chosen to exercise his privilege of free-will. It was the victory of passivity over activity.

The minutes passed. He stayed in his place, staring at the open door.

Presently, he became aware that some part of the scrutiny of the spectator had become relaxed. The focussing power of the gigantic orb of the

face played with diminished pressure. The congregation, on its part, was feeling some sense of discomfort, proceeding from overstrained and dissatisfied curiosity.

The bride was unusually late. Collier realized the fact from the impatient manner in which the best man consulted his watch. The organist, seeking fresh inspiration, availed himself freely of the privileges granted by the letters *D.C.* Everyone was growing weary.

A rush of wild hope shot through the veins of the prisoner. Men had been saved before by a miracle. Was it conceivable that a miracle was to be wrought on his behalf?

He snatched greedily at the crazy notion, half-fearful to entertain it. Familiarity with it, however, engendered fresh confidence. It was possible for Laura to fail him. Woman—the bound and cloistered sex—was not a prisoner. Many a bride had drawn back at the eleventh hour, and radiated in the limelight of newspaper publicity. He knew now that Laura did not love him. The certainty that she merely respected his wealth became his, with the recognition of the knowledge that he did not love her.

His eyes brightened, and he drew himself together. His best man looked at him in involuntary admiration.

"Awfully annoying for you, old man. I'll slip down and find out what's keeping her."

The prisoner smiled at the receding back of his personal gaoler. He was lapped in placidity. He believed in the miracle with the steadfast credulity of a Lourdes pilgrim. He had called up a force—he had evoked the mighty name of freedom

Freedom! He looked through the open door.

There was no sense of repose outside. Everywhere was a strenuous, moving, fighting world. For one moment the sun tunnelled through the piled-up purple mounds that banked the sky—in a sweeping ray. The next—it recoiled in momentary shadow, as the wind pelted its face with hurled balls of clouds. No still lagoons of swimming space. The whole air seemed full—crammed to overflowing. Leaves, straws, twigs, scraps of paper were whirled aloft in the aerial currents. Birds skimmed and swooped. Wireless messages, shrilling through space, met in solid syllabic tangles—parts of speech strayed from context, broken free from syntax. The vault of Heaven hummed with crazy spinning motion. All the prison doors were opened. One heard the clang of iron barriers slamming outwards. Freedom.

The face of the prisoner glowed. His eyes blazed. . . . Suddenly, the candle in his face was blown out. He stood mute, blank, empty. The best man had returned and whispered a few words.

"All right! Some important bit of her finery never turned up. She'll be here now any minute!"

The prisoner nodded. Involuntarily he looked again towards the door. It was still open.

"Buck up!" The best man was offering sympathy. "A man only goes through it once."

Again Collier nodded. Some of the light came back to his face. He experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The trite words had brought comfort.

He saw now that the whole of his anguish admitted an explanation. His sensations throughout had been purely normal, analagous with those of one who takes an anæsthetic for the first time, or who has been within an ace of being drowned. He was merely feeling what every son of Adam has felt, when he stands before the altar—the shrinking from the sentence of finality. This psychic discomfort,

which ordinarily affects an average person so slightly as merely to express itself in self-consciousness or nerves—was felt by him—a glutton in sensation—in its full elemental severity.

He told himself that he loved Laura. He had loved her the whole time. And she loved him. He welcomed the thought of marriage.

Primed with fresh confidence and hope, he withdrew his eyes from the door—to fix them upon a girl, who sat near, a few paces away. He wondered why her features also had not been welded into the face. Scrutiny of her plain working-dress, however, revealed the reason. She was no part of the fashionable congregation. Possibly a typist, or a milliner's assistant, who had strayed into the church for a few minutes.

He continued to look at her. Her eyes were brown in color—brown as a clear peaty pool in the hollow of a hillside. The warm fires of honesty, affection, and truth glowed within their depths. They were akin to the eyes of the primitive women he had known in the old days of freedom and solitude—women of the prairie and forest—women brown and white—with their souls scoured by the winds and their hearts warmed by the sun.

He looked again. The eyes vanished and he was gazing into the peaty pool, hearing the limpid gurgle of the sweet water—feeling the cool air stirring in his hair. Woman or pool—he knew not which was which. For both were Nature.

He was roused by the blare of the Wedding March. In the gloom of the aisle he saw a tall white figure, leaning on her father's arm. She advanced with slow grace. His bride was coming.

His eyes, still washed with the brown waters of the peaty pool, received but a blurred and misty vision.

He shrank back, in instinctive recoil. His mind, thrown out of gear by shock, worked madly, at furious pressure, like a derailed engine with wheels still revolving in the air. Free! He must be free! What force kept him standing there, awaiting a woman, whom he knew he would grow to loathe. Morality? When every vow would be mere lip-effort, uttered within the walls of a sacred building—the ineffable Name itself invoked as witness. He was horror-stricken with the sense of sheer blasphemy.

What kept him? While the door was still open? Merely the shell of an empty convention, homage to the precedent of the stereotyped. While a man might protect itself from the menace of death, he was forbidden—if the formalities be infringed—to protect himself from the sacrifice of his life.

The bride drew nearer in her stately advance. It was the culminating moment of her life; it marked the apex of achievement.

Collier stared at her, with the cold speculative eyes of one stranger who challenges another. He saw her features distinctly—as distinctly as he had seen those of the brown-eyed working-girl. He had expected to see them melt into a state of flux and run into the gigantic lineaments of the composite countenance. Such a transformation seemed inevitable in one who represented the very essence of conventional Society.

But no change took place. Rather a revelation. For, as the bridal procession drew nearer, Collier stared at her with hypnotized fascination. At last he knew her—as she really was. For he saw that the face of Laura was, in miniature, the replica of the gigantic face of the congregation—inhuman—artificial—appalling.

It was the quintessence of realization. Like a wild creature, enslaved

in the snare, he strove impotently to escape. Something, older than Adam, freer than the wind, blinder than instinct, raged within him. Even *now*—even while the bride advanced—it was not too late. The open door . . .

He turned, as in mute appeal—towards the brown-eyed girl. To his dismay he saw that she had left her seat, and was moving towards the door in the wall. It was evident that the call of duty, together with the unpunctuality of the bride, was to cheat her of a spectacle.

A desolating feeling of desertion swept over Collier. He was an infant that sees itself abandoned by its natural protector. Bereft of her presence, he was something ineffably weak and feeble. Sorrow was merged into a sense of unbearable tension. What if she closed the door behind her? It stood to him as a symbol of freedom. He tried involuntarily to cry out in warning.

It seemed to him that her journey towards the exit was life-long. Her protracted progress drained the exhausted reserves of his self-control. Unable to bear the suspense of watching, once more he turned towards his bride.

He was just in time to see the change. It came swiftly, without warning, bearing its message of finality. Collier knew that the end had really come.

Like a jam of frozen waters that splits into fragments before thaw, the composite face cracked—shivered—and then broke up into hundreds of units—each perfect and complete. Once again Collier saw the familiar features of friend and acquaintance. They seemed to close round him—to hem him in on all sides.

The congregation was waiting. The bride stood at his elbow.

The clergyman cleared his throat.

Yet, ere the opening words were intoned—the prisoner turned his head—and saw.

The door was swinging to.

E. L. White.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE LIFE-HISTORY OF A NOBODY.

(Being an essay in the modern psychological novel designed to appeal to the present-day taste.)

Book I.—Hubert Selects a Tie.

He entered a shop in the Burlington Arcade to buy a tie. To be accurate, he did not enter it so much as he was drawn into it. He wanted to buy a tie, but he had not utterly and finally decided that he would purchase it at that particular shop. Indeed, for a fraction of a second he hesitated in the very doorway. An almost sub-acid intuition warned him that the whole current of his life might depend on the particular shade of the tie he selected.

A fly buzzed. It was an ordinary fly, not different outwardly from a million other flies. Yet the convolutions of its brain could not be exactly like the convolutions of its million fellows. The path in which it flew was inevitably different from the path which any other fly would have taken. It alighted on a purple tie. If the tie had not been of a soul-arresting purple, it might have flown elsewhere. Somewhere back in the æons of ages a Purpose had decided on this concatenation of circumstances.

Hubert followed the fly. He examined the tie. He brought his whole faculties of mind to bear on the problem. He held the silken trifle to the light. The purpleness changed

under the incidence of the sunlight from a challenging militancy to a slightly faded ineffectualness. It seemed to him as a Parable of Life. He would have said so to the shop-assistant, had not a flooding intuition warned him that this automaton of the mart might misunderstand the inmost significance of his thought.

"The very latest shade," insinuated the assistant. He was a small man, or rather youth, with a moustache which appeared to have been forced beyond its natural development and gave the suggestion of social striving doomed to eventual impotence. He lived in Fulham. It was three miles from the Burlington Arcade. He reached his mart daily by motor-'bus, buying a twopenny ticket of an unassertive blue. Sometimes he took 'bus No. 42, and sometimes 'bus No. 19. He had no preference in the matter, for such was his temperament. He cared nothing for where the 'bus proceeded after it had deposited him at Bond Street—or rather eight yards to the eastwards of Bond Street—and continued on its journey. His stunted imagination could not follow its passage down Regent Street, through the pleasure-bustle of the Strand, through the shiny-elbowed strivings of Fleet Street, up the sharp incline of Ludgate Hill, perfumed with incense from the slow-burning strips of the street-hawkers. . . . . (At the end of three pages the 'bus reaches Bow and disappears out of the story.)

"The very latest shade," insinuated the assistant.

"H'm," said Hubert non-committally. He searched into the eyes of his fellow human, groping for the sympathetic understanding his soul craved for. He tried to dissect a fellow-soul with the inadequate lancets of his vision. He would have liked to discuss that tie from the point of view of æsthetics, of ethics, of morals, of philosophy, of metaphysics, of pragmatic neo-Bergsonism. He would have liked to engage in a discussion which could have embraced the universe and the stars and the purpose of creation. Yet he faltered, and examined the tie anew.

The assistant was a sordid being. After half-an-hour he fidgeted. He wanted to sell Hubert a tie, and that was the limit of his present ambition. He could not realize the epochal significance of Hubert's decision. He lived in Fulham in a little semi-detached, two-storied house where he occupied a rear room on the upper floor. . . . (Description of the room occupies four pages solid without a paragraph.)

"H'm," repeated Hubert at the end of thirty-four minutes of thought.

"Three-and-six," said the assistant.

It was an ill-judged observation. What did it matter to Hubert whether the tie were three shillings, three-and-six, or four shillings? Sixpence more or less would not ruin his finances; but a shade of purple more or less might shatter his soul. It might sear his ego with an ineffaceable brand of emotion. True that he could not see the tie when it was knotted into place, except by straining his eyes downwards over his 3¼ inch wing collar, but the effect nevertheless would be all the more crassly dangerous. It would catch his eye from the glass of a shop-window or the mirror of a taxi—suddenly, thunderously, with the force of a planetary collision.

He was torn with doubts. Another ten minutes passed. The assistant whispered discreetly to a fellow-tradesman at the rear end of the shop. Out of the tail of his eye Hubert caught the clandestine converse. It disturbed him rudely. He felt that they were mocking at a momentous decision far beyond their dwarfed understandings. How petty the world was

—how ineffably unsympathetic! He felt hideously alone. A barrier of glass, steel-strong, separated him from his fellow-beings. It had always been the same. He recalled the days of his cradle. . . . (Ten pages of cradle-thoughts follow.)

Then his first school—a mixed school of little boys and girls. . . . (Twelve pages.)

Afterwards the public school, rudely repellant. . . . (Eighteen pages, including two on the psychology of having measles.)

The 'Varsity. . . . (Twenty-one pages, with eight devoted to an analysis of his feelings towards the girl at the tobacconist's.)

And now life! Full-grown, full-blooded life, where a man struggled and made decisions that were irrevocably vital. Should he buy that purple tie?

The fly, tired of the battle of temperament—or perhaps not caring greatly for the outcome—had flown away to other fields of endeavor. It had done its work in the life-history of Hubert. It had come into touch with his soul, and then moved on lightheartedly to jostle with other souls.

A clock struck eleven . . . . (Two pages on the way the clock did it.)

"Will you buy the tie, Sir?" insinuated the assistant.

His crude impatience shattered the fabric of the sale so nearly consummated. Hubert roused himself.

"I think not," he replied, and left the shop.

Punch. (*End of Book I.*)

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Macmillan Company adds to its "Juvenile Library" a new edition of Joseph A. Altsheler's "The Horsemen of the Plains," a spirited story of frontier life, sufficiently realistic and exciting to hold the attention of any boy lover of adventure from the first page to the last.

The new "Tourists' Edition" of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" which Little, Brown & Co. publish, presents this classic of American fiction in a most attractive form, printed from new plates, and decorated with twenty full-page half-tone illustrations from photographs, and twenty-six decorative headings. The photographs were taken by Mr. A. C. Vroman; but this is not the only service which he has rendered in the preparation of this edition. He has made a careful investigation of the scene of the story, and has verified the references, placing at the disposal of the reader in an Introduction of modest length what is virtually a guide to the region in which Mrs. Jackson found both the characters and the setting for her romance. Tourists in southern California will find a peculiar pleasure in following the paths which Mr. Vroman's studies open to them.

An alluring water-color drawing on the cover of Margaret W. Morley's "The Carolina Mountains" and another which serves as frontispiece,—both of them the work of Amelia B. Watson—may well beguile the reader to open the charming book. Once having opened it, one is reasonably certain to read on and on, fascinated by the vivid and picturesque descriptions of scenery and people, the intimate knowledge of nature, the warm human sympathy which characterize it. Here we have a nature-book, a travel-

book, and a truthful character-study, all in one. The author has humor, a delicately-graceful yet simple style, and a sincere affection for the region which she describes and for the people who dwell there. Visitors to Asheville and other places in the Carolina mountains will find the mountains, the forests, the birds and flowers taking on a new charm with the reading of this book; while a larger constituency of readers, yielding to its spell, will find in it the fascination of a latter-day Thoreau. Besides the two water-color drawings already mentioned, the book has twenty-four full page illustrations from photographs by the author. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Four spirited books for boy readers come in a group from the press of Little, Brown & Co. "Ned Brewster's Bear Hunt" by Chauncey J. Hawkins carries the boy whose experiences in the New Brunswick woods were described in an earlier volume, into new ventures of sportsmanship; "The Freshman Eight" by Leslie W. Quirk, is the second volume of the "Wellworth College Series" and like its predecessor "The Fourth Down" gives a vivid picture of school athletics,—this time mainly on the water, although some minor sports find a place; "The Responsibilities of Buddie" is the third and final volume of Anna Chapin Ray's stirring and diverting "Buddie Books" for boys; and "Henley on the Battle Line" by Frank E. Channon, is the fourth and last volume of the "Henley Schoolboys Series," in the earlier volumes of which the adventures of an American boy who was sent to one of the English public schools were told in a way to engage the attention of boy readers. The present volume brings the story to a surprising conclusion, for it is a real battle line and real fighting which figure in it. The boy of the earlier stories has grown up and goes to India, where he serves as a war correspondent in a war with a native tribe in revolt, and with his old Henley comrades shares in some thrilling adventures. Altogether, this is one of the best books of the season for boys who like a spice of real adventure in their fiction.

Miss Grace Duffie Boylan's "The Supplanter" is a story for which the gentle and graceful poetry of her "The Pipes of Clovis" will hardly have prepared her readers; but it is a powerful, although rather brief story, simultaneously developing the heroine's character and that of her nursling. The hero, an imperfect but perfectly natural man, is interesting but never exaggerated in drawing, and the incidents are not beyond possibility, although unusual. The manly little fellow who links the lives of the chief actors is, as Mr. Chadband said of Joe, a "human boy," but, happy, healthy, and pleasing. Miss Boylan entertains so many theories resembling those to be found in Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's "All the Days of My Life" that the point of similarity in opinion must strike any reader of the two books, although nothing could be more unlike in intention and in form. If the veteran novelist had trained the younger woman who might very well be her grandchild one could understand the resemblance, but it is one of those many coincidences that puzzle but remain coincidences and nothing more. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

Seldom has the sugar-coating of practical and wholesome truths been more skilfully done than in the book by Lily Rice Foxcroft, entitled "While You Are a Girl" (The Pilgrim Press). The reader of this attractive book will soon discover that Priscilla, Gladys,

Mabel, Mildred and the rest are real girls and the incidents used to enforce little points of conduct and etiquette real incidents. So also is Rob, Priscilla's brother, a real boy. The effect of the sixteen chapters, touching upon Tempers and Tongues, Managing Money, Vacation Manners, The Art of Liking People, Self-Consciousness, Friendship, The Generous Heart, Letter-Writing and other matters is almost that of so many chapters of a story; and the girl reader will have the unusual experience of being entertained at the same time that she is being profited. There is an engaging humor in the book, and the tone is sunny and sympathetic. It is a frequent error of parents, uncles and aunts, and other grown folk to bestow upon young people books which they think they ought to like, but which, after a perfunctory acknowledgment, go upon the shelf and stay there. But whoever gives this book to a bright girl may be reasonably certain that it will be read,—and read with real pleasure. It is printed and bound in a manner to suggest Christmas uses, and a pretty decorative border sets off the pages.

Some of the most delicate touches in Robert Hichens' new novel, "The Way of Ambition," are given to the relation of the mother and daughter who exercise counter influences on the talent of the young composer, Claude Heath. Mrs. Mansfield, "having been brought up among lions, had never hunted a lion in her life. She had never felt within herself the power to create anything original, and was far too intelligent, far too aristocratic in mind, to struggle impotently to be what she was not meant to be, or to fight against her own clearly seen limitations. Unlike Mrs. Mansfield in this respect, Charmian struggled, and her mother knew it." Charmian's ambitious fancy fastens on Heath—whom a modest fortune has permitted to develop his musical gift in retirement, and to whom the rivalries of artistic London are odious—and for one fatuous moment he imagines himself in love with her. Disillusionment follows at once, but the wife's ambition, none the less, succeeds in dominating the husband's ideals. It is for opera that she destines his triumph, and her restless energy finds him a libretto in Paris, hurries him to Algiers in search of color and atmosphere, and persuades an American impresario to produce his work in New York. The book holds the attention not only by the strong character-drawing and the concentrated interest of the plot, but by the abundance of realistic detail. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The son of the rector of a fashionable New York church of the 'seventies is the hero of Basil King's new novel, "The Way Home," and among the women whose lives touch his to the very last are the daughter of its leading member and the daughter of a boarding-house keeper on its outskirts. Shrewd, sensitive and high-spirited, he is restive even in his childhood under the arrogance of the rich men who rule St. David's; his experiences at Harvard, where his boyhood friends, "owing to the necessity of making the best clubs and not being seen with the wrong people, are obliged to drop him," deepen his sense of the importance of money; and when his father is bluntly asked to exchange his salary for an "emeritus," his decision is made to abandon the ministry for which his mother had destined him, and to take as the only workable rule of life, "Every man for himself." Up to this point the cynical reader has been expecting to delight himself with one exposé more of the hollowness of the modern church. But

from the time when Charlie Grace leaves college to accept from his brother-in-law in Winnipeg the position on the new Trans-Canadian railroad which has been promised to another man, the hollowness exposed is that of his own individual character. A brilliant business career, two dubious love-affairs and an unsatisfactory marriage are the main features of a plot which is subordinate to a powerful and subtle analysis of motives and influences. The closing chapters are of a poignancy not easily forgotten. Harper & Brothers.

For the setting of her latest book "The Story of Waitstill Baxter" Kate Douglas Wiggin has gone back to Riverboro, the town made famous by her Rebecca. This time the story is of a young woman and it has many elements of tragedy, but it kindles the reader with the same warmth of feeling for its characters which Mrs. Wiggin can always evoke. It tells of a strange religious fanatic, Joseph Cochrane, who flamed through New England and cast his spell upon many impressionable people. An example of the havoc he wrought in many homes is furnished by the broken Boynton family where Ivory, Waitstill Baxter's lover, grew up. Waitstill's own family life gives a picture of that harsh, cruel aspect of New England character which unfortunately has truth in it. But it is a contrasting background for one of the sweetest, noblest women characters that have appeared for a long time. The story of Waitstill's struggle at home and her love which was greater for its delayed fulfilment, reveals Mrs. Wiggin at her greatest power. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The Mixing" by Bouck White is a study of a rural town that found itself, that developed a community consciousness. Hillport, a village among the hills not very far distant from New York, was composed of three classes of people: the "natives" who allowed their places to run down and who had no ambition whatever; the summer visitors, part of whom kept their residences open through the winter; and the commuters, whose only interest in the place was a temporary one. George Dagner, a far-sighted young clergyman, had a vision of what Hillport might become, not through more religion but through a spirit of brotherhood and cooperation. He fired others with his enthusiasm and after five or six years' work, often against great opposition, the community awakened. At last it became self-supporting in every sense, raising all its food products, and cooperating in the sale of everything marketable. It had public buildings, its own water supply, a printing press, a developed taste for the beautiful and a wonderful democracy. The book is so full of enthusiasm and optimism that it makes every idea the author advances seem possible. Doubleday Page and Company.

Yesterday's nonsense is to-day's science, as yesterday's idol is to-day's laughing-stock, and to read Mr. Lewis Spence's "Myths of Mexico and Peru" is to be made to see these truths, and to have one's conviction confirmed, derived from the new archæology and the new philology of European and Asiatic, and African civilizations, that all myths have a common origin. Indeed as one continues to watch Mr. Spence fit the symmetrical figures of his scientific puzzle together, one wonders if that were not a wise monarch who insisted that his sages should condense all knowledge, and condense it again and again, until one brief maxim was all that remained for him to learn. Mr. Spence, luckily for English reading men, proceeds differ-

ently, expounding his subject elaborately, but skilfully, leading his reader himself to contrast and compare myth with myth, legend with legend, record with record, and gods with gods, and to draw his own inferences. It is easy to fancy that one is very wise and very skilful as one pursues the pleasant labor, and to underrate the concealed art by which one has been led to enjoy it, but if he who shall read "The Myths of Mexico and Peru" be not grateful to Mr. Spence he deserves never again to read a book with which conversing he can forget all time. The large, heavy volume has some four score pictures, some carefully drawn to show pagan rites in actual process, others photographs of objects pre-dating the Spanish occupation by uncounted centuries; and it has a modest and graceful preface by a few pages dated Edinburgh. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

"The Dust of the Road" by Marjorie Patterson, relates the fortunes of a young American girl while she was receiving her dramatic training in an English Shakespearean Stock Company. It is an unusual story because of its fine sense of proportion. Tony, the heroine is a clever little person who takes her hard knocks as part of the day's work, and finds her moments of triumph as fleeting as her times of despair. David Hearn, the sculptor-actor whom Tony accepts after great waverings of spirit between love and her career is an interesting character. A thorough Bohemian, he is the kind whom the conventional novelist would have described either as a selfish monster or an impractical dreamer. But Miss Patterson has created a man who is neither, one whose personality is a mingling of many strange qualities with manliness and nobility not among the least. The story gives what is undoubtedly a true picture of life in an English Stock Company. It is peculiarly acceptable because it has romantic interest without false glamor, and realism without sordidness. Henry Holt and Company.

Dr. Richard Burton's "The New American Drama" is written in a spirit of cheerful hope including the author, the actor, ignorant and competent spectators and critics; the little children whose spontaneous applause comes at precisely the right point, and the man of riper years who finds "the young fellows" quite as good as the giants who lived in the days of his youth. It takes cognizance of the growing tendency, both municipal and philanthropic, to respond to the call of Matthew Arnold to organize the theatre, to utilize the immense power allowed in evil times to lie inert or to be viciously active, and for encouragement mentions some of the various places at home and in distant parts of the earth in which the theatre is regarded as a civic trust. The author might have cited the late Dr. Hale and Miss Mary Agnes Tincker as having created Utopian lands wherein the theatre was both a public charge and a private trust and he does make some telling quotations from Lowell and Aldrich to illustrate certain points. He is not blind to the mercenary greed still visible here and there in matters pertaining to the drama; he sees the worse but he follows the better and his book will be a powerful, although gentle agent for good. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The adventures of a meanly ambitious woman while traversing the road between obscure poverty as attendant in a department shop to lucrative notoriety on the stage compose the book to which Mr. Louis Joseph Vance

gives the name of "Joan Thursday," in itself a provoking mystery. The story of such a journey has been told innumerable times, but never more pitilessly, and, granting the possibility of a woman utterly self-centred, never more truthfully, or, more dispassionately. Joan's beauty and the cleverness by which she attracts both men and women are not slighted in the effort to show the effects wrought upon all her associates by her cold, imperious determination to have the American theatre-goer at her feet and the author leaves her in a cold flame of self-glorification, calmly ignoring the madness and murder left in her track, and confidently looking forward to a future of pure delight in conspicuous impurity and well rewarded professional success. The little world of dramatists, stage-managers, financiers of plays, and its strictly just and logical ways is exhibited in a crystal-clear atmosphere, and the story indicates an extraordinary growth in ability. The weak point of the novel is the English of its narrative passages but its conversations are admirably lifelike whether lovers or quarrelsome married folk are the interlocutors. "Joan Thursday" is sometimes painful to read, but always truthful. Little, Brown & Co.

At fitful intervals an American novelist perceives the attractions of the material created by the intimate association in American country villages of small opposed groups of differing religious denominations; more often does he rediscover racial differences between the colonial American and the recently arrived imported citizen with all his native prejudices in full vigor, somewhat strengthened by the conviction that immigrants of all other races and theological opinions should be turned back at Castle Garden, or better still, at quarantine. Mr. Arnold Mulder contrives to bring together all these mutually repellent elements in "The Dominie of Harlem." The "Christian Reformed," and the "Reformed" believers are at daggers drawn, and both are sure that the English Bibles with "limp covers with no clasps" are not so orthodox as a Bible printed in Dutch, and that Calvin and John Bunyan wrote in nothing but Dutch, and that, although it is possible that the latter was English, still there is "only one Dutch God." Starting with these dogmas and the corollary that an Episcopalian is queer, and worse than a merely "Reformed" person, anything is possible and consequently the quarrels in the little Michigan village of the story with its fifty families and one meeting-house for two congregations are involved beyond the understanding of a ward boss or the leader of a conference, and that Mr. Mulder brings his heterodox parson to the last page alive is almost miraculous. The story is farcical to the reader in spite of its seriousness to the actors, and yet Mr. Mulder does not fail in respect to the sincerity of both of the two little flocks. Mrs. Barbould and Dr. Aiken saw the same point more than a century ago, and put it plainly in a little story of a page and a half, but who reads "Evenings at Home" now? Besides, those sober English Evangelical writers knew nothing of the subtleties of the Dutch American tongue. "The Dominie of Harlem" is better than the Pennsylvania Dutch stories, and better than the average romance of petty theological quarrels. A. C. McClurg & Company.